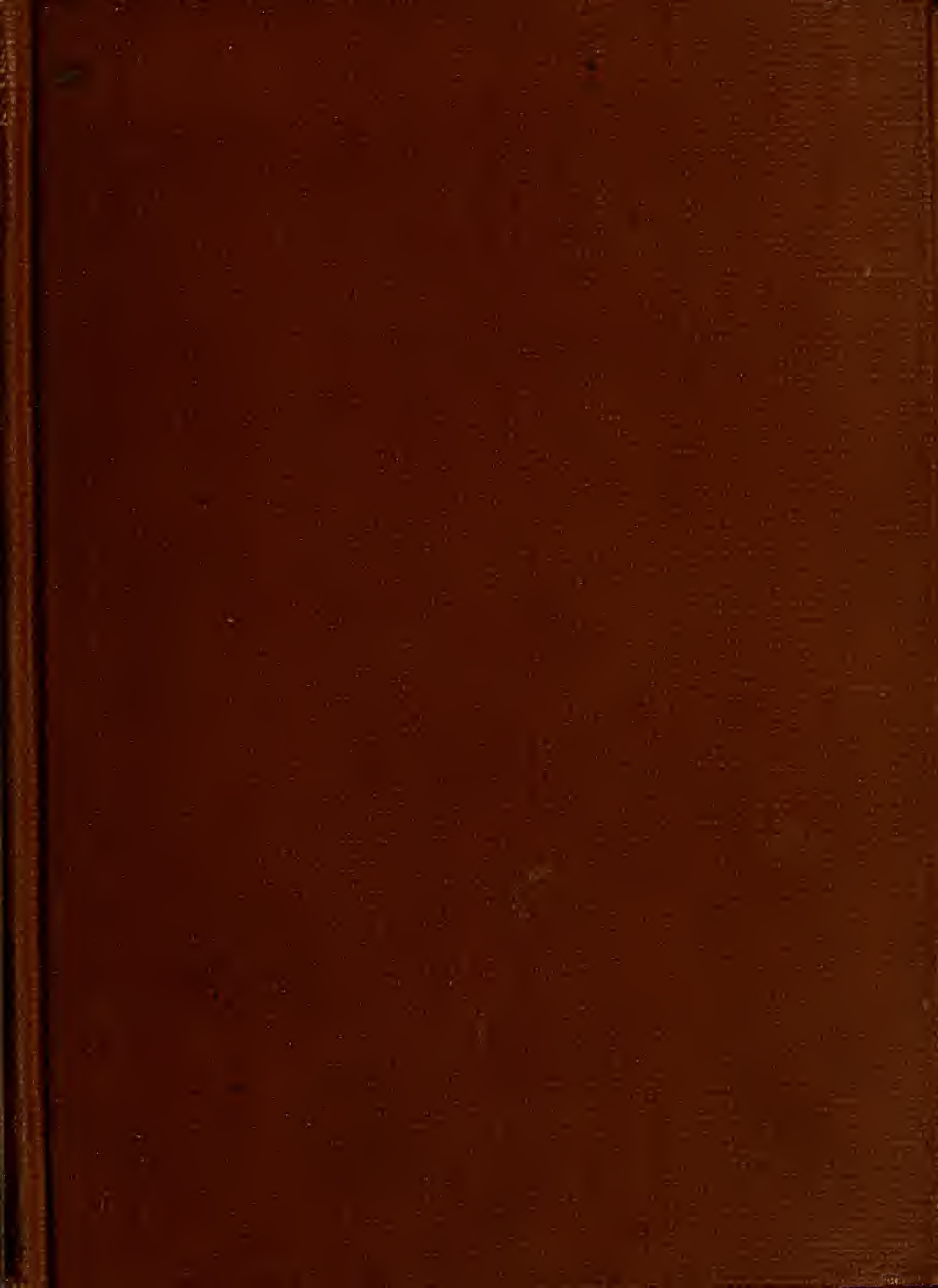






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FROM THE

SHADOWS

OR,

A HYPNOTIST'S

IDEA OF

Heaven

AND

Hell.

AND
ONE
WAY

TO
HYPNOTIZE



*Yours truly,
Geo. C. Price*

FROM THE SHADOWS

OR

A HYPNOTIST'S IDEA OF

HEAVEN and HELL

AND

ONE WAY TO HYPNOTIZE,

BY

GEO. C. PRICE, L. L. B.

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“There’s nothing in this wide, wide world
Which makes a man so glad,
As to know he’s taking sorrow
From the hearts of them that’s sad.”

Predication.

“Cultured society is but whitewashed crime. It is the school of egotism, which seeks in vain to show its virtue by gaudy words, while native modesty alone can practice those virtues which she so silently and eloquently teaches.”—*Tolstoi*.

“Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?”—*Christ*.

“For every man doth indeed have desire and business at some time during his life.”—*Shakespeare*.

“In the explanation of natural phenomena, seek to obtain all the knowledge you can; and when this fails, refer all the rest to God.”—*Ben Hur*.

God is the personification of goodness, and goodness is personified by grouping His seven principal attributes, as conceived by the author of *From the Shadows*.

Preface.

The thoughts presented in this book are chiefly the products of a careful observation from the social, and moral lookout, when considered in relation to human happiness.

The title is merely suggestive, as, indeed, is the subject-matter itself. But being strictly a creature of thought and imagination, it becomes, to some extent, a child of miraculous conception, and, although an imperfect one, it hopes to find a home in the minds and hearts of all liberal thinking people.

Long ere the flowers had bloomed in the Spring (of '97) we had conceived the bold and reckless design of rushing into print, the example has become contagious in the best of families, the temptation with us is no longer to be resisted, and, standing boldly up in front of the audience, we have made a feeble attempt to shie our would-be literary caster way over into the magic circle of public favor. At this suggestion, if any of our friends should manifest a disposition to think lightly, and, loudly laughing, say, "Shoot the hat!" then we beg leave to inform them that we haven't time to do so; that we are gunning for larger game, and that we will never, no,

never, be satisfied unless we shall succeed, to some extent, at least, in capturing the human mind.

These pages are written partly to gratify the author's irrepressible desire to join the procession, but principally to fill the traditional long-felt want, not because within the last twelve months the country at large has suffered any dearth of literary performances. Upon the contrary, it is well known that we have been talked to learnedly and eloquently of chaos and cosmos, delighted with the good old songs, and made to smile sweetly at the sunny side of a preacher's life, while the silver-tongued orators have spoken to us pathetically of the life and character of Dickens, who is our modern spiritual Shakespeare.

But the end is not yet, for the Spirit of Inspiration is being revived among us. The beautiful Good of Reason is enthroned, lending his beneficent aid in the fuller interpretation of that Divine Revelation so long since graciously given, giving birth to the higher criticism, which in turn becomes the Spiritual Father of Christian Science, who is indeed the only spiritually begotten son of the true Spiritual Father.

Here, then, is the real opportunity of the true King's Jester, and he may once more assume his shining hood and bells, causing

them to jingle once again, in answer to Tennyson's spiritual invocation.

"Dear sinners all," man's life is *not* a jest, nor dream, shadow, bubble, air, nor vapor, at the best. Life is *real*, and well worth living to those who live it according to Good's own divine appointment.

That men may laugh, women scream, and every staghound bay does not prove anything in particular, except that men, women and dogs are generally built that way.

"Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confines to know but this—
That Thou alone art good,
And I myself am blind."

But the true Christian is not so blind as in Pope's day; he is learning very fast, and the more he knows the more he grows into the perfect image.

This conversation is intended to be a free-for-all. Yes, my friend, you are in it. This paper is everybody's paper, but it is chiefly intended for the benefit of the all-round, hustling amateur intellectual athlete, whether he be high-church, low-church, or no church.

In assuming the responsibility of conducting the conversation we find at the very outset that we are handicapped, being compelled to defend ourselves against the mean imputations of ancient tradition, who positively asserts

that we are a wild man, that the wind whistles through our whiskers, and that we are neither the original talker nor thinker, from way-back. However this may be, disregarding the acts of our ancient enemy, and taking counsel only of Love, who is the genuine "Holy Ghost" and the only true friend of humanity, we have resolved ourselves into a kind of Spiritual Pioneer Corps, whose duty it shall be, to ever march in front of the grand army of reform, removing carefully all obstructions from the old path, and, if possible to lead you out From the Shadows, over a route still higher, and more practical than the old one. Will you come with us, then, and help to survey the route? If you will, stand not upon the order of your coming, but come at once, "Get a move on you!"

If any of the vital questions touched upon have not been sufficiently elaborated to establish the views contended for, and the necessity of changes herein indicated, it is partly because the limits of this volume are insufficient, but principally because human caution and human conservatism are always more fully developed than human judgment, while the spirit of negation, which is the common enemy of mankind, is content to be constantly scrapping with his betters.

If accused of having too freely appropriated the thoughts and language of another, in seeking a suitable wardrobe for "our John Henry," it is upon the assumption that no man has a corner on Truth; that everybody, knows more than anybody; that we all desire the best; that the best is the cheapest, and that it is none too good for those who like it.

Earnestly hoping that something herein suggested shall spring up, not many days hence, and bear fruit an hundred fold in the great paradise of God's eternal goodness, we beg leave to remain,

Yours indefinitely,

THE AUTHOR.

Introduction.

The following lectures are supposed to have been delivered in the presence of the members of the "West End Hypnotic Society," of the City of Chicago, Ill., during the evenings of the winter months of 1896, by Prof. Marques K. Dorine, a native of Drogio, a traveling hypnotist.

LECTURE I.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Let us now for a time swing gently around the magic circles of thought and imagination, and when you grow tired and must have a little rest, if you desire it, we will gladly leave you still at the foot of the old path. But if, upon the other hand, you prefer to journey with us, then we promise that you shall have clearer conceptions of the true God, and brighter visions of the Spirit Land than the stall-fed doctors of divinity in the past have ever been able to give you.

They talk about the noontide of Christianity—the full blaze of the Gospel Sun—but where is the light? It has been daybreak a long while; the celestial band has been playing, but Christianity has not kept step to the music; the whole world has been under marching orders, but we have not been moving forward. Shall not God soon send another Moses, to lead His children out of the wilderness of human ignorance, and to bid the tyrant Ignorance let His children go to a happier and better state of existence? When shall the prison-house be opened, and the captives all go free?

Some day we must pilot the world to

happiness. Do you call it Heaven? It is all the same.

Ten hundred millions of people in the world, and half of them happy. What a beautiful Heaven in the aggregate! More than half of them miserable! What a terrible Hell this must be! Do you make a jest of this? Be not deceived; God is not mocked.

You say, "I am not going to either place; I do not desire to go anywhere at present. This place is good enough for me."

But you are journeying all the same. Old age will soon overtake you, and he will bear you company all the way. Shall it be a happy journey, or will your life be miserable? There are three important stages in the journey of human life. These are youth, manhood and old age. In youth we stand at the foot of the journey, and are only too anxious to pass hastily over and see what is on the other side. In manhood we have reached the half-way place, and now occupy the only vantage ground, for we can look both forward and backward. In the last stage we are nearing the end of the journey, and if faith does not light up our pathway beyond the grave, we can only look back with many sad regrets: "I have been young, now I am old," etc.

Happiness is not so far away as we generally suppose. Heaven is ever ready to em-

brace us. The gulf of unhappiness is yawning to receive us, and there is no escape, except we flee to the mountain of the Lord's house. If Happiness come not, we should go after him, seize hold of him, and wrestle with him as Jacob did with the angle, saying: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

If the conditions which now surround you are happy ones, then you are in Heaven already, and the question is, will you help continue those conditions, that your happiness may be perpetual?

"Life is the rugged road
Leading to the bright abode
Or dark perdition.

Then choose the narrow way
Which leads no traveler's foot astray
From realms of love."

OBSERVATIONS ON TALKING.

We never give advice, Oh no! We do not even like those who do. Advice is too cheap you know; but sometimes it is worth a hundred cents to the dollar, and has been known to pay a handsome dividend to the stockholders.

Not being competent to give advice ourselves, we commend that given by the Irish gentleman to his son, who was about to embark for America: "Young man," said he,

“you are about to embark for the new world to seek your fortune. I have no money and but little advice to give you. When you get to New York open your eyes and look about you. Seek, think, and say nothing, and if ye get a chance ye may eat, drink and pay nothing. Use your mind nimbly, work your tongue glibly, and if, within a twelve-month, ye don’t find ye are a full-fledged statesman, with the American eagle screaming at your back, and ye well on your way to the White House, then just keep an itemized account of your expense, send the whole shootin’ match to the old man, and he’ll fut the bill.”

The application of this story is, that if you try faithfully to comprehend the meaning of these lectures, and don’t succeed, you are to hold me strictly responsible, for the fault is all my own.

We once heard a story of two men, who engaged in a talking match. The conditions of the contest were, that each was to begin talking at a given signal, and the conversation was to continue until one or the other of the parties should acknowledge himself satisfied. An umpire was chosen and the signal was given, when one of the men immediately began to repeat, in a loud and boisterous tone of voice, “I’ve got the start, I’ll keep the start.” This he continued to repeat so rapidly that

the other poor fellow, becoming disgusted, gave up the contest in despair.

Now, you tell me that nothing succeeds like success; but in this case success was a dismal failure. It is all well enough in talking to get a good start, and to keep it, but it is much better to have something important to say. It is certain that a man should never utter vain knowledge, fill himself with east wind, nor argue with speeches, wherewith he can do no good. And it is also certain that not even a fool has the right to fill himself too full, with either sour-mash whisky or stale beer.

It is no chestnut to say that everything runs into politics, or that man is a moral, social, and political being. Mr. Righter, of Kentucky, once said that he was introduced to a Bluegrass society belle, who had a great reputation as a conversationalist, and that, fearing he should not be able to acquit himself honorably, he conceived the idea of doing a little social bluffing, which he successfully accomplished by immediately asking the young lady whether they should discuss religion, politics, or matrimony. This bold *coup de tat* of the gentleman knocked the fashionable young lady out, in the first round, for she at once comprehended that the young man had a comprehensive view of men and things, and that he was prepared to talk on any subject, for all

there was in it. For the remainder of the conversation Mr. R. had things his own way for his beautiful intellectual scrapping companion became as clay in the hands of the potter, and immediately subsided into that most lovely of all female characters, a splendid listener.

What to say, when and how to say it, constitutes apples of gold, in pictures of silver; but what to do, when and how to do it, constitutes the back-ground to that more beautiful picture, which we call human happiness. *Action* is one of the most important words in the vocabulary, and it will always bear repetition and emphasis.

What do we *know*, and what do we *do*, are questions which come to us all, and which demand an imperative answer. To the first question, knowing our own ignorance, we give it up, and desire something easier; but to the second we can make no answer, for, knowing our own unworthiness, conscience doth, indeed, make cowards of us all.

LECTURE II.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Every man in this life, who is not a human sucker, is expected to give something back to the world, in return for what he already received; otherwise, he lies under the double imputation of being either a dead fly in the ointment, or, what is still worse, a consumer and no producer. Every man some time in his life, is expected to come to his burning bush. The burning bush is the tree of life, and the tree of life is the tree of wisdom. These two old trees of knowledge and life, as spoken of in the Old Testament scriptures, have always been a mystery, but they need remain a mystery no longer.

A natural tree, like the tree of knowledge, is a beautiful thing to contemplate, with its stalwart trunk, its broad and spreading branches, its bright green leaves, its beautiful buds, and its sweet and delicious fruits; but a *spiritual* tree, like that of divine wisdom, is a sublime and beautiful conception, whose roots are deeply imbedded in the Rock of Ages, whose leaves are for the healing of nations, and whose fruits are life eternal.

Every man, at some time in his life, is expected to become a moral, social and political Moses. If he accept the divine commission

willingly, he shall never want for grace to help in every time of need, mouth and wisdom shall be given him, to accomplish his mission, and every time he achieves a victory, either over himself or in behalf of a fallen brother, there shall not be wanting a noble-hearted, sweet-voiced Sister Miriam, to sing a song of praise, to celebrate the deliverance.

Such a man shall realize that he is in the position of the Kansas emigrant, who found that he was sole owner of a four horse team, and the happy possessor of a little buff-colored canine, who trotted along complacently under the wagon. But if, upon the other hand, he should refuse to march with the Spiritual Pioneer Corps; if he prefers to remain a fool; if, indeed, he shall persist in becoming a chronic kicker, then he shall certainly live to realize that the way of the transgressor is hard.

When called upon to entertain our friends, we always realize that the best which the earth affords is never too good for them—that it is the cheapest, and that variety is, indeed, the spice of life. However, it is only by virtue of the grand doctrine of the universal fatherhood of Good, and the universal brotherhood of man, supplemented by that of the greatest good to the greatest number and the survival of the fittest, that we are permitted to assemble together, from time to time, in the

capacity of family reunions. It is also by virtue of this grand doctrine that we are, some times, at least, permitted to assemble in the more congenial capacity, of an admiration society, upon the mutual plan.

If such a society is now represented by these lectures, then but two things are necessary to make this meeting a blooming success: First, that you should continue to lend me your ears and bear as you can the transient twinge of pain; and, secondly, that we should certainly try to fill them up with something good, and to give them back to you again, within a reasonable time, and in reasonably good order.

But upon occasions of this kind it is customary to have some refreshments; and now what shall it be? Shall we have an exclusive literary diet, composed wholly of the traditional Boston baked beans? Or shall we draw upon Inspiration just a little bit—have some angel food, and then, by the way of variety, just a little nonsense which is said to be relished by the best of men?

MENTAL EVOLUTION.

Many years ago, when we first came to this country, a poor, little, simple-minded, penniless, bare-foot boy, without money enough to

pay a week's board, and with no clothing to speak of, we gladly took up the burden of life, and have cheerfully borne it ever since. But way back, when we used to run foot-races with Bill and Tom, in the dusty road in front of the old chinquepin tree, and when our spirits were feather-light, we had often been made sad with the thought that we should soon be compelled to lie down and sleep the last sleep, in the very dust upon which we then trod so lightly. The universe, to our simple mind, at that time, extended no farther than the blue which skirted the surrounding tree-tops. But as we grew we expanded into a philosopher; we began to inquire into the whichness of things which we did not comprehend. Having an eye to business, we looked carefully about us, taking in the whole situation at a glance, and we now rejoice to tell you that we have been able to discover a new-cut road From The Shadows to the Promised Land, running on a line exactly parallel with the old one, but instead of running through the old Slough of Despond, it is built upon higher ground. It is an elevated road, and runs directly up to the top of the mountain of the Lord's house, by the King's highway of holiness. Electric light towers are stationed all along the way, and, where it is needed, little drop-lights are graciously interspersed, so that

the weary traveler may at all times see his way, realizing that at every step he is getting out of the low ground of the wilderness of Ignorance, and passing up to Fairer Lands on High, passing through the *Spirit* Land, catching at every step beautiful glimpses of the *Better* World, to which he is fast hastening.

What is the spirit world?

It is the world of vital principles, with which we are daily surrounded. But we anticipate, and lest you should follow our example too largely, we shall be compelled to ask you to exercise patience.

Patience is a great virtue, and always assists us in flying the spiritual kite, the vivid imagination, without the exercise of which, we may never hope to attain an altitude sufficiently high to see anything worth seeing.

Every age is peculiar, in that the present one is always a little wiser, in its own conceit, than the one which immediately preceded it. Solomon thought he knew it all, in his day, else he never would have had the presumption to tell us, there is nothing new under the sun. But we know that Solomon made a mistake, for we have lived to see even his religion a back number, and almost buried in the tomb of human forgetfulness.

The Jews were as tenacious of their religion

as either the Mormons or Presbyterians now are of theirs. The war is now on between creeds and hetrodoxy. Between the two it is a fight for life, and the survival of the fittest, and both of these sacred heathens will eventually be compelled to go. Hetrodoxy (so called) now feebly voices the cry of Arnold Winkielried, saying, "Make way for *Religious Liberty!*" Not the wretched liberty of lawless license, but the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.

LECTURE III.

PATHETIC VISIONS.

It is a matter of great regret, that this is largely an age of shams and shallow pretenses, both in the church and out of it. Men do not always say exactly what they mean, nor do they always mean exactly what they say. Yet, we reckon not that former days were better than these, because human nature has, no doubt, ever been essentially the same in all ages; but, as compared with former ages, it would seem that we are peculiarly fast, fussy, and furious, facetious, fashionable, and foolish.

This is pre-eminently an age of activity; we cannot remain at rest ourselves, without, at least, desiring to see activity in others, and, though it were no higher an exhibition of morality than a street scrap, a dog fight, a chicken dispute, a church raffle, a ball game, a female bicycle tournament, a charity ball, or an agricultural horse trot, yet we seem to be pleased, and often highly delighted, with the performance. Everybody is not only trying to get there, but all desire to do so right away. The difficulty is, that we mistake our destination. We are seeking exclusively for *riches*, whereas we should seek only for *happiness*.

Five hundred years ago the thought that a great Columbian Exposition would be held in Chicago in '93, must have been a very remote idea, for two very essential reasons: First, because at that time Columbus had not yet discovered America; and secondly, so far as is now generally known, nobody; at that remote period, had been quite able to discover Columbus.

It is true, perhaps, that, when the earth was created, the lake front was made large enough to accommodate the Exposition; but it is also true, that since that time the site has been utterly ruined, by the avarice of the Central railroad company, and the endless cupidity of the Chicago real-estate dealers,

who have persistently sold off the lots, and built on the ground east of State street.

“The Zenith City of the unsalted seas hath exalted herself.”

But the modern Babylon of the wicked West vaunteth herself of her mighty achievements. Shall she stand in history as a perpetual monument of the mightiest republic? Or shall she go down to death, lashed away by the waves of an angry inland sea, in accordance with the Divine decree of the survival of the fittest?

A LARGE MAJORITY.

The president of the Limekiln club has already notified its membership that, if they would, at all times, get a good view of the cornfield, they must all stand up on top of the fence; and, catching the spirit of the inspiration, we say: “You are right, Brother Gardner, and we second the motion.” Let us get up into higher and healthier spiritual altitudes; let us climb up to where we can realize that we are standing on the border-land, which separates the good, the beautiful, and the true from that which is low, mean, base, vile, and disreputable in our human natures, and our human dispositions; let us climb up to the

top of the mountain of the Lord's house, for this, indeed, is our only suitable dwelling-place.

Before these lectures are concluded, we expect to show you how to get there; but, for the present, you must be content to exercise your own imagination, while we continue our delightful occupation. If it is charged that there is too great a disposition to levity, and that these lectures are rather attenuated, we may remind you that the chaff and the wheat must necessarily grow together. In this world the good and bad are strangely commingled. The bitter and the sweet are nature's counterparts. The law of opposites holds good throughout eternity. Variety is, indeed, the spice of life. There is no castle without the cotter's lowly habitation; no landed estate without a starving tenantry; no rich congregationed, high-salaried church organization without its complement of little, ragged, hungry, orphan children, making mud pies, and playing in the gutter.

It does, indeed, take all kinds of people to make a world; but, in the language of Uncle Jake Haines, of Jersey county, "from some unaccountable reason, upon a full vote, and a fair count, the fools always seemed to have a 'unanimous majority.'" When asked if "life was too short to hear a long story," the old

gentlemen hesitated, smiled sweetly, and then said: "Well, I should snicker; but then," added he reflectively, "I suppose it depends a great deal on what kind of a story it is, and how much interest we have in the telling."

In this progressive age, "story-telling" has grown to be a fine art, so that now those men and women, too, for that matter, who always have an irrepressible desire to say something, and who never have anything important to say, had better take good advice, and never say it. But those who have dug down deeply, and discovered beautiful gems of thought, may now hasten to bring them up to the surface, polish them, place them in beautiful settings, and distribute them as souvenirs among their friends.

The man who invented the remark, that "life is too short to hear a long story," was, no doubt, a poor story-teller himself, and as a professional, perhaps, a disgrace to his calling. It is certain, however, that the grand old story of the Cross has lost much of its original force and beauty, by being poorly told, and falling into the hands of a class of poor story-tellers generally. There are some ministers of the Gospel, who go out upon the spiritual war-path, like painted wooden Indians, armed, not with the Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon, but rather with paper

tomahawks, and wooden scalping-knives; and to the world it is no wonder that they so often return from the chase with no sinners' scalps to grace their spiritual wampums.

LECTURE IV.

THE BIG THREE.

There are three classes of professionals, who are mainly intrusted with the good health and morals of the community. These are the doctors, lawyers and preachers. That the doctors perform their duties reasonably well, is attested by the favorable sanitary condition. That the preachers perform their work less acceptably, is due either to a want of consecration upon their part, or to the natural disposition of humanity to general cussedness; but we more than suspect that both of these circumstances are prime factors in producing the present unhappy conditions. With the lawyers the case is not so favorable. To get back at them, in their own language, we may say, there are no mitigating circumstances. The voice of the People is sometimes the voice of God, and the verdict is like that of the jury which sat in the case of the old lady's husband, who was drowned in the mill-pond:

“Wade and found wanting.” The wanting consists, principally, in that higher sense of honor, which is absolutely necessary for the perfect development of that triple combination, known as the family, the church, and the state.

Tradition has been unkind to these gentlemen, as well as to ourselves, intimating that immediately after the Dutch had captured Holland, they formed a combination with the Drink god, the Money god, the Millionaires, and the Magdalenes, to get up a corner on both society and politics, control the legislation of the country, fill the judicial offices, rob the People of their liberties, and send all the inhabitants of the land, weeping and wailing, to the infernal demination bow-wows, or words to that effect.

However, we scarcely think the case so serious against the lawyers as Tradition would have us believe. It has lately been intimated that *Tradition* is given to exaggeration, and we shall never forget how he sought to traduce us at the beginning of these lectures. There is a great deal said about moral, social, and political sore spots, which lawyers delight to probe as bleeding wounds afresh, and that they never offer a poor sufferer but one alternative—that of either yielding up his money or his life.

But these people forget that there are cankers and excrescences, constantly growing from the body politic, exuding their deadly poison, and which need to be incised by the sharp lancet of the law. Who so honorable as he who wields the political scalpel for the good of the nation?

There is a great deal being said about the upper and nether mill-stones, 'twixt which the people are being continually ground to powder; but the discordant elements of human nature, left to rankle with the lawless license of its own unbridled passion, would grind society to powder much faster than the departments of a well established government. The legislative and judicial powers of the state are the mill-stones, assisted by the executive, which must do the grinding, and, like the mills of the gods, they must grind *sure*, if slow. All we demand is, that the millers must be honest men, and that they shall not take too much toll for the grinding.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.

The first created man was a fool, and here is where all the trouble began. If it be true that like begets like, with a few exceptions, then, as a rule, the race of fools has been in-

creasing and multiplying in the world for many centuries, so that now, in the language of the politician, the woods are actually full of 'em. There never was but one *wise* man in the world, and it is a matter of record that the fools killed him, more than eighteen hundred years ago.

The first government had scarcely been inaugurated, and Adam invited to a seat in the Divine cabinet, when, by his foolishness, he played such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as made the angels weep. No wonder he was invited to tender his resignation, step down and out, and make room for the Better Man, who was soon to follow him. This old story, of the First and Second Adam, is believed to be the first full-paged illustration of the grand doctrine of the survival of the fittest. Thus we see, that Civil Service rules were recommended, and adopted, very early in the history of the Divine government, and now the only wonder is, that modern Civil governments haven't been able to catch on, just a little bit.

Some time after the Second Adam had been appointed to fill the vacancy, caused by the resignation of the First, like all faithful officers, he was promoted, becoming both Secretary of State and General Manager of the Divine government. In this double

capacity, it is but proper to state, that He has proven himself an efficient *officer*, that He has given perfect satisfaction to His *constituents*, and that he bids fair to become His own *perpetual successor*. He shall reign until He has put all enemies under His feet, at which time he shall deliver up the Kingdom of Good, and Good shall be all in all.

Every child born into the world comes in directly through the golden gate of Love, and like the clown in the circus, he comes bounding in with a whoop and a hurrah, and always manages to tickle the audience, which is assembled to wait his coming. But we are more like the clown than the philosopher. The man with the cone-shaped hat, tattooed face, and striped pantaloons is always in great demand. We are more pleased with the foolish antics and funny faces of the clown, than edified by the real merits of the true performance. There seems to be a funny spot, located very near the exact geographical center of every human disposition, and to reach this spot, is one of the principal objects of human endeavor. We are always more disposed to laugh than to learn. It seems to come easier, and be more natural. It has well been said, that any dumb, long-eared animal can open his mouth and *bray*, but that

it always takes a *philosopher* to understand and appreciate an argument.

But there comes a time, in the life of every man, when he should cease to be a clown, and learn to be a philosopher. There *must be a turning* point, else man is no better than the beast that perishes. The spirit of the beast goes down; the spirit of the true man goes up to Good, who gave it. For us all, the gilded circus-tent of Folly must, some day, be torn down, and we be left standing upon the very spot where once the center-pole stood before. Looking out upon the vast universe, we catch our first ideas of Infinity, Divinity, and Eternity. On all sides is the distant horizon; above us are the clouds. Lifting our eyes above the clouds to the zenith, which seems so near, yet is so far, we would climb up to Heaven and to happiness. But we cannot, and we give up in despair. A spirit of loneliness comes over us, and, feeling the need of something which we do not possess, the yearning heart gives utterance to the *first prayer* which the soul has ever uttered. It is, "Father! Father! I am lost, lost!" And there is never any *mistake* about this conclusion. We *are lost*, lost in a terrible and degrading ignorance.

The earth is our common mother, and we

all recognize her as such; but this is understood in a material sense.

“I love, and have some cause to love, the earth:
She is my mother, she gave me birth;
She is my kind purveyor, she gives me food;
She is my father's creature, therefore good
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?”

The Spiritual Father is what we are looking for, and we have found Him; but if we should introduce Him to you in His own proper name, and in His own proper person, we fear you would scarcely recognize Him. Therefore, lest you should be unprepared to receive Him, we will give you ample time to put on the wedding garment, hoping that you may be glad to receive Him, when He shall be properly introduced later on.

LECTURE V.

THE GOD OF GOODNESS.

In the economy of nature, the fool seems to be but one step removed from the philosopher, and the *crank* appears to be the connecting link between them. This much-abused individual seems to be growing, and multiplying, by the very abuse which he receives. His unpardonable sin consists in having the courage of his convictions. He is the only rare, and literal, human curiosity, who, unlike the other fellows, always squares his practice by his preaching. Jesus and Paul were both reckoned cranks, in their day, and heartily despised by the multitude. The true crank is the salt of the earth, and the perpetual bobbing up of new cranks, from time to time, as occasion requires it, seems to exercise a salutary influence upon the moral world. He is a kind of healthy microbe, that penetrates the blood, and revitalizes humanity. The crank is the agitator, who keeps the wheels of progress in motion. His advanced ideas lubricate the heavy bearings of the universal machinery, and make the world run smoothly. Without the crank, things would come to a dead standstill, and there would be a sudden

collapse. The deacon's one-horse shay would be nowhere.

The people complain, that they are sorely afflicted, by this class of individuals, and, in doing so, they simply repeat the old language of the demons, "Thou sons of God, why dost thou come to torment us before the time?" Sometimes cranks are necessary evils, and sometimes—

"Our sore afflictions, which seemingly from the ground arise,
Are but celestial benedictions, or blessings in disguise."

There are many living issues, which agitate the public mind; but they all have their origin in the difficulty which the people experience, in comprehending the nature of the true God. There are two gods, which the people daily worship. One is the God proper, so far, and only so far, as human nature is able to comprehend Him, or to conceive of a higher spiritual being. But so long as human knowledge is defective, we shall be compelled to draw largely upon the imagination, else we shall have no god fit to demand our homage. The god which we worship must not be the god of a *diseased* imagination. He must be the product of a healthy, vivid, and sanctified imagination, which is permeated with a holy desire to see only the true Good. The majority of men prefer to worship the Money god, or the god of Self; and so long as the golden

calf has more virtue in their eyes than the true good of humanity, just so long will the Divine Father hide His features, for very shame, behind the dark and dreadful cloud, which has no silver lining.

We have been looking through a glass darkly. It is now high time that we should see His Majesty face to face. If there had been too much *superstition*, in reference to the Jewish God, there has been altogether too much *mystery* attached to the God of Christianity. What sane man will say, that he who wrote the history of creation did not draw largely, if not exclusively, upon his imagination, for the statements therein contained? And who can truthfully say, that the imagination of John did not create the *principal part* of his Revelation? He undertook to tell the world something which it did not know; things which he had seen, things which did then appear, and the things which should appear, in the "sweet by and by." He gave to the world a Revelation, as Moses gave us a creation, drawing largely upon his imagination. But mankind *did* not, nor *does* not, understand it. Is it necessary to blindfold a man, that he may see? John's Revelation is a revelation *concealed*. What we now want is, a *revelation revealed*. When the heathen cried out, "Great is Diana, god of the Ephes-

ians," Paul immediately put his hand to his mouth, and whispered to Timothy, "Tell the people, great is the mystery of godliness!" But as these old religious battlecries shall die away, we may tell you, in truthful confidence, that they shall be superseded by the more intelligent assertion, "Great is the God of Goodness!"

A SCRAPPING MATCH.

The most burning question is, that which grows out of the conflict between radical orthodoxy, on the one hand, and modern infidelity, upon the other. But there is an intelligent criticism—a new-born child of Reason—which is not infidelity, and when, against this criticism, orthodoxy sways the headsman's ax, he makes a great mistake. If it be admitted, that human reason may move a little too fast, in her eager search for Truth, is it not possible that orthodoxy may make a fatal mistake, by refusing to move at all? The world "do move," and we must either join the procession, and march gladly with it to the Promised Land, or trail our banners in the dust, and be branded as kickers, and obstructionists. The same God who said to Moses, "Stand still this day, and

see the salvation of the Lord," very soon spoke to him again, countermanding the order, and said, "Why stand ye here? Speak to the children of Israel, that they *go forward*."

The creeds of Christianity—why "the creeds?" What a burlesque upon the Christianity of Christ! What a total disregard of His prayer, that the world should be united in His doctrine!

We daily behold the spectacle of would-be Christian athletes, pitted against each other, in deadly conflict, over petty points of doctrine. These creed-scrapping fraternities are driving the world to infidelity. One says there is a red-hot, burning Hell: another says there is no Hell of that kind, and still another facetiously remarks, "The *Hell* there *is not!*" Sam and Bob are great scrappers. The first is a man of muscle; the second a man of brains. The first advocates his doctrines, with all the intensity of his southern fire-eating nature. He hits out straight from the shoulder, and because he occasionally draws a little Christian blood the people throw up their hats, and applaud vigorously; the contribution-box is passed around, and Sam generally succeeds in getting the plum, if he does not quite succeed in taking the cake. The other representative advocate is a quiet gentleman; in fact, he is as mild

a mannered man as ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat. But he is never more delighted than when, in his eloquent way, he is called upon to show up the aesthetic beauties of modern infidelity, or infidelity *pure* and *simple*. It is very hard to distinguish between them. Each of these champions has had his second, and his army of sponge and bottle holders. Like Macduff, each has laid on unmercifully, and, like Orpheus C. Kerr's description of the dog-fight, the beligerants have "fit and fit and fit," until they have chawed each other all up. The end is not yet. But a long-suffering people are still hopeful. For the present, however, we will be compelled to let the creed-scrappers fight, only hoping they will ultimately succeed in destroying each other. The apostle Paul was, no doubt, looking for these fellows, when he said, "Beware of *dogs*;" and John G. Saxe says, "The paragraph invites some little thought, as to its intent, among the best expositors. But then we find they all agree, that *dogs* meant *men*." This is, no doubt, the origin of the adage, that every dog has his day. This is certainly dog-day, for that class of creed-mongers, and doctrine-scrappers, who are ready to chaw each other all to pieces, in the absence of brotherly love. Let us hope that, when this unseemly warfare is over, and

when the smoke of battle shall have cleared away, there shall not appear a single *cloud* in the spiritual *horizon*, and that the world will then be ready to receive the true Christ.

“Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The frosty air, the flying light:
The year is dying in the night.
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die;
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true:
Ring in the Christ, that is to be.”

LECTURE VI.

SOO-CI-ETTA VS. THE CHURCH.

The Agnostics say, “We do not *know*, we cannot *believe*, we have nothing upon which to ground an intelligent faith.” Yet these same men pride themselves upon their intellectuality. What are their imaginations for? Whence comes the spirit of prophecy in man? Is there no higher knowledge than we possess? And is it impossible to invoke it? How shall we advance in knowledge, except by flying the kite of the imagination, with its *tail* safely anchored to the *throne* of human reason? It is only by the exercise of those two faculties conjointly, that we are ever enabled to discover any new truth at all. He who exercises

either of these faculties, to the exclusion of the other, will never have but an imperfect understanding, either of himself, or the world about him. If the mind has no power of originating ideas—if it has no creative faculty—then the Bible and mental philosophy are both a delusion and a snare.

Christ taught us a useful lesson, at the grave of the dead Lazarus. As he said, "Come forth," to the dead body, so we speak to the living intellect. But, addressing our language more especially to the imagination, we say, "Come forth, thou sluggish servant; create for me a new and *ideal world*—the world of beauty, and the world of light."

"Then we can dip into the future,
Far as human eye can see,
See the beauties of this world,
And all the wonders that shall be."

Then we shall be getting up into the top of the mountain of the Lord's house, and "don't you forget it."

"No imagination, no man," will, some day, become a truism; and this is uttered in the spirit of prophecy. What we *desire* is always good enough for us. When we deserve *better* things, we will get them. But so long as we desire to patronize forensic exhibitions, given by religious charlatans, at the rate of two hundred dollars a night, just so long these exhibi-

tions will continue. Of course, they come high; but the aristocracy of wealth and soo-ci-etta will have them—"What France admires is good enough for France." Soo-ci-etta is a great goddess. She can give Diana points on etiquette, flounces, furbelows, and poisoned arrows.

The *society devil* is the meanest devil in the church. The society goddess, and the god of culture, have slipped down the belfry tower together, and taken peaceable possession of the house of God, while Piety hangs his head, for very shame, and sneaks humbly *out* at the back *door*. Somebody is evidently to *blame* for this state of affairs; but so long as these educated, college-bred, made-to-order, creed-begotten, would-be religious, social jumping-jacks, are alone considered eligible to teach the people, this disgraceful state of affairs will continue. So long as these high-toned, high-salaried pulpit pounders can laugh and grow fat, at the folly of others; so long as they can smile sweetly, to see the money come jingling in, just so long can they afford to give pulpit gymnastics, talk eloquently twice a week, and for the rest of the time have nothing to do but grunt, and be happy, just like little pet pigs in high clover; hence they are very much inclined to adopt the motto of the mountebank street-fakir, saying, "Let all

enjoy themselves. Who wouldn't when they could? I would." Eat, drink, and be merry; pass the good cheer along, up one side and down the other, is one continuous round of pleasure.

Every man, who desires to become a moral, social, and political philosopher, must first drink freely at the fountain of human knowledge; and more than this, he must then humble himself in the very dust, and there be willing to take copious and heavy draughts at the fountain of Divine Inspiration, which simply means, that he should fill his mind with good thoughts, his mouth with good words, his life with good actions, and his heart with humility.

Inspiration is one of those words, which the modern clergy enshroud with mystery; but it is not such a mysterious word, after all. It is neither mountain nor mole-hill, but it is pregnant with meaning, and its import may be either good or bad. If you tell me, that a *personal man-god* speaks to me from Heaven, or from any other place, in a miraculous way, with an audible voice, telling me something which I did not know before, then I say, *No!* this is *not* Inspiration, nor no man has ever received such a communication, neither in our day, nor the days which have preceded us. But if you tell me, that there is a *god-man*

within us, which speaks with a language to be understood, pointing us to higher and better things, then we say, Amen! Then, my friends, we are to understand, that we *may* receive inspirations every day. If we lift our thoughts, and open our hearts, we will receive them, and in proportion as we exercise our minds, and strengthen and encourage our imaginations, just in that ratio we shall become inspired men and women.

THE FOOL-KILLER A NECESSITY.

Whether the Washington hatchet-story be true or untrue, we know that its *good effects* have not been lost to the world, for it has helped to emphasize the fact, that *Truth* is the grandest thing on earth, and in this case the *principle* contended for, is the chief thing, with which we are interested. Suppose we should say, Washington never gave his boy the hatchet, what difference would this make, as regards the vital question at issue? What difference does it make, to the true Christian, whether the whale swallowed Jonah or not? The lesson is a good one, and teaches, as it was intended to do, that there is no safety, except where duty calls. What difference does it make, to the true Christian, whether the seven stars, held in the hand of Him who

gave the Revelation to John, were actual stars or not? And who can believe they *were*? Is there not more harmony in believing, that this was a beautiful figure, which John used to represent a fact? Yet we are told, by Christian brethren, that we are not *orthodox*. If orthodoxy requires that men should be *fools*, then why the necessity for a fool-killer, when fools seem to be in such great demand? Surely, his occupation, if orthodoxy have her way, will soon be gone. If the church would listen more to the language of *Christ*, and less to His apostles, (and especially to Paul, who was the greatest talker, and loudest enthusiast, and consequently more liable to err); if the church would *do* this, then more than half the wedges, used in splitting her asunder, could be consigned as waste material. The difficulty consists in the fact, that honest believers cannot divest themselves of the thought, that all religious teachers, mentioned in the Bible, were *infallible*; that being inspired, in the sense in which they understand it, it became impossible for them to make a false statement. They were not *gods*, they were not *popes*, they were *men*. We are not of Paul, nor of Apollus, nor of Cephas, nor of John—we are of Christ.

“We are trusting, Lord, in *Thee*,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary.
Humbly at *Thy* Cross we bow;
Jesus saves us—saves us now.”

But *how* does He *save* us? And in what sense are we to understand salvation? We are saved, *not* by his *death*, as some people do vainly suppose, but by his *life* and *example*—though we pray until doomsday, and have faith that would remove mountains, yet we must *act*. Our lives and examples must exhibit overt acts, as an *earnest* of our professed faith, and after having *come* to the Savior, the order is reversed, and we must *go*. Here we receive the order of the campaign, and here the real battle of life commences. After receiving our equipments, we are to fight the battle of life *alone*, only looking to headquarters for further orders. After being able to sing—

“Ain’t I glad I am out of the wilderness,”

we must have courage to stay out. Seeing the cyclone approaching, we should seek the storm-cave.

LECTURE VII.

SPIRITUAL LONGING VS. FALSE KNOWLEDGE.

Many years ago, when Job asked the all-important question, "What is man?" he set the whole world to thinking; and that is precisely the object of these lectures, to stir up your minds, by way of remembrance, appealing both to your hindsight and to your foresight, enabling you to draw upon your memory, for all the good which you have received in the past, to be thankful in your hearts for the present, and hopeful for the future, in order that your lives may be happy ones, and that, at the *end* of life's journey, you may enter into that inheritance, which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away.

Do you say, this Promised Land business is all a fake? I beseech you, hear me patiently, for the end is not yet, and, sooner or later, we shall all be out of The Shadows.

A few years ago, when a fool by the name of Flanigan got up in the national congress and said, "What are we here for?" he threw a terrible bomb-shell into the camp of his political friends. We may safely assume, that we are neither Jobs, fools; nor Flanigans. Yet

we are demanding, (though in a more spiritual sense), with all the earnestness of our spiritual natures, the answer to Flanigan's once foolish question, "What are we here for?" What is the origin, nature, and destiny of man?

At this juncture, some facetious individual may rise up and say, "We are here because we can't get away." But this would scarcely be a proper answer to the question. It would never satisfy that nameless longing, and vague unrest, which takes possession of the human breast, for something better, and more *definite*, than we have known. For, disguise it as we may, "there *is* a divinity, which shapes our end."

"Not long can nature satisfy the mind,
Nor outward fancies feed its inner flame.
We feel a growing want we cannot name,
And long for something sweet, but undefined."

But what is this sweet, undefinable, indefinite something, for which we are constantly longing? The mystery of godliness would tell us, it is Heaven; but we shake off the mystery, as Paul shook off the deadly viper at Melitea, and tell you *plainly*, it is nothing but *happiness*. When we acquire perfect knowledge of ourselves, and of the true God, then this mystery will all vanish—the mists will be cleared away, and we shall see Him, and know Him, even as we are known.

The human mind is a wonderfully formed stringed instrument. It is the original, and the only, harp of a thousand strings. It is self-adjusting, and has the capacity of always keeping itself properly atuned. If it *does* this, if we keep ourselves in harmony with nature, and the external things about us, we may, at all times hear the sweetest music. Otherwise, there is nothing but hideous inharmony, and hateful discord. But the soul is susceptible of a *sweeter music* than that which is the direct result of these external performers. That sweetest music, however, can only be *heard* when, of our free will, we invite the *god-man within us* to mount the music-stool, and with one grand, majestic sweep of His magic hand touch every chord of the human soul. Then it is we may hear the sweetest music; then it is we may have that peace and satisfaction of mind, which the world can never *give* nor *take away*; then it is our hearts are transported to ecstatic scenes of *more* than earthly joy.

The *mind* is conscious of its own existence, but it is also painfully conscious of its own *ignorance*. Half the world is earnestly desiring to *know* something, but the other half is never quite able to tell them *exactly* what they want to know. So true is this, that we never meet our friends and ask them, "What do you know?" but that they invariably say,

“We give it up; ask us something easy.” It is true, there are some things which we *do* know, but it is also true, that there is an infinite number of things which we do *not* know; so that, upon the whole, it may be truly said, that the sum of things which we do *not* know is infinitely greater than the sum of the things which we *do* know. It is true that, to some extent, the world is filled with knowledge. It has covered the earth, like a beautiful garment; it has piled up mountain high. Experience and observation have given us a great reservoir, so that, if we would desire to acquire it at second hands, we need only to insert an intellectual faucet, and draw off at will. But the difficulty experienced in such cases would be, that, it would not be *all wool*, nor a *yard wide*.

There is a great deal of *false* knowledge in the world. False knowledge bears a close resemblance to the genuine article; but it is like the contents of a *tramp's* baggage, which is put up for a night's lodging—though supposed to contain *gold* bricks, when it is opened up next morning, after the tramp is gone, it proves to contain nothing but ordinary *burnt clay*, done up in a cotton handkerchief.

That a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, is a species of false knowledge. It is prompted by a sinister motive. The man

who invented it was avaricious. He wanted to kill the poor little bird to get the wings to sell for money. Those wings will be sold to adorn a Sunday hat, or a Sunday bonnet. Somebody will wear that hat or bonnet to church next Sunday; somebody will sing in the church choir; and somebody will be a great sinner. Under such circumstances, it might be proper to suggest that good old song—

“Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive;
Let a rebellious sinner live.”

We once saw a young lady singing in the church choir, with two bird wings, arranged one on either side of her turban hat, and we reflected, what a beautiful *cherubim* to the young lady's ark of the covenant!

That honesty is good policy, is *knowledge*; but that it keeps a man poor, is *false knowledge*. No honest man is poor; he is the richest man on earth, and his heritage is sure. Besides this an honest man can never become a spiritual bankrupt. To trust, in the ordinary business sense, is to bust; to “bust” is unhappiness and unhappiness is H—I. But when a man is busted morally, he is a blank nonentity, in a state of innocuous desuetude, and there is more hope of a fool than of him.

If any person now desires to offer any criticism, an opportunity will be given him to do

so; but it is earnestly hoped, that the matter will be postponed, until after the close of these lectures. But if gentlemen persist in manifesting a disposition to ring mischievous little chestnut-bells, throughout the remainder of the performance, we may as well tell them, that we have anticipated their movements, and that we have instructed noble-minded young lady hearers to climb way up into the belfry towers of their intellectual faculties, seize firmly hold of the bell-cords, and declare, in the original dramatic style—

“Curfews shall not ring to-night.”

It has long been known, that the proper study of mankind is man; but not until quite recently has it been discovered, that the most perplexing one is that of woman. However, be this as it may, we know that *woman* must have *her* say. For when she will, she will, and we can depend upon it; but when she wont, she'll “see you later,” (and the curfew rings). A *boy's* will is the “*wind's will*:” It may come easy, and as easily go, but it usually prompts the boy to *come* more than to *go*. A *man's* will is as stern, inflexible, and *invincible* as the traditional military man on horseback. It rides boldly up to the castle-wall, and demands admittance. If this be refused, it hesitates not to make *war* on the

fortifications, levels down the castle-wall, and rides boldly in, taking peaceable possession of the whole shooting-match. But a woman's will is ever capricious and varied, being sometimes as gracious and condescending as a bright May morning, but at other times as positive and destructive as a Kansas or Dakota cyclone.

In a great and good book, which we all revere, are found two injunctions—one that we should eat that alone which is good, and let our souls delight in fatness, and another which tells us, we should not be righteous *over-much*, lest we should die before our time. It would seem that these injunctions are given one against the other, that some where between them we might find a kind of *happy medium*, and our own experience teaches us, that the happiest conditions of life are those in which we find existing a streak of *lean* and a streak of *fat*.

The world and the church are now both demanding new ideas. The world wants them, because she can readily convert them into *cash*, or the pleasure of *sin* for a season. The church wants them for a very different purpose—she is demanding new ideas, solely for the power which they confer upon her to comprehend the *truth*. But what the church *most* needs at this time is, *sense* enough to ap-

preciate the truth, when she *finds* it, and *honesty* enough to practice what she preaches. There are many big ideas lately advanced for our consideration; but the one which seems to be taking the lead is, the "Big Four" idea. Like all great things, it had its origin in a very humble beginning. It began as low down as the negro minstrelsy. We can all remember when the Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West combination was the acme of minstrel perfection. The idea became ambitious, and made itself a name among the railroad systems of the country. The great Three C.'s & St. L. R. R. is now one of most important carrying factors. Not satisfied with this progress, however, the *idea* marched down to the wicked city of New York, and there intrenched itself in the hearts, and homes, of her great big four hundred society people, who are lording it over the rest of the fashionable world, limited only by the exercise of their own sweet will, and the plethoric condition of their very fat pocketbooks, their motto being, "No poor man need apply."

But this brings us to a point which we very much desire to make, and this is that there is but one legitimate Big Four in the universe that it is composed of the infinite God, the finite Man, the beautiful Woman, and the infernal Devil. This reference to the big

combination is made now that you may not forget it. Its distinctive features will be more fully set forth later on.

LECTURE VIII.

THE BIG THREE.

There are three important personages, who have lived and died, and who have left upon record their testimony, in reference to one very essential particular, and that is, in reference to the weakness of human nature. These personages are, St. Paul, Mrs. Partington and Aunt Ophelia. St. Paul has told us, that when we *would* do good, evil is ever present with us; Mrs. Partington has told us in a kind of sniffing tone, "We are all poor, weak creeters;" but dear old Aunt Ophelia rather caps the climax, when she throws up her hands deprecatingly, and says, "Oh, how shiftless! Oh, -how-shiftless!"

While we are investigating the subject of human weakness, we desire to call your attention to a very large *world*, and a very small *man*, who occupies the center of it. The large world was made for the small man. It is his. He is in possession of it now. But

the poor, little, simple-minded fellow hasn't *sense* enough to realize the fact—consequently he is still wanting the earth. If it were possible for a man to realize, that he owned the earth in *fee simple*, do you suppose he would be satisfied? Tradition, as well as our own experience, says, *No!* For in that case he would certainly become selfish, and desire his neighbors to either put up a wire fence, or build a Chinese wall about it, to keep the other fellows out. However, it is a nice arrangement, by which the little man is placed on the inside of the big world. It is a nice thing to be on the *inside* of any combination. It always gives the fellow on the inside a chance to turn the crank, and make the other fellows on the *outside* dance to his music.

Selfishness is one of the meanest devils on earth. He is said to be a full brother of Ignorance, and, upon careful examination of the record, we find they are twins. Ignorance was born first, but Selfishness played him a very close second, for when Ignorance was born, Selfishness was not only there, but, like Jacob the younger, laid hold upon his brother's heel, and has clung to him ever since, like grim death to a sick American citizen of African descent, (or words to that effect). Ignorance is the original curse of the world. He is believed to be the spiritual *whale*, who once

swallowed Jonah, where, for three consecutive days and nights, he was literally between the devil and the deep blue sea. The old whale's mouth is as capacious now as in days of yore, and we all know the world is full of Jonahs.

The Big Three, so far as history and the happiness of mankind are concerned, are, Ignorance, Knowledge, and Wisdom. *Ignorance* is weakness, weakness is sin, sin is death and death shall ultimately be the end of Ignorance, for death shall finally swallow Ignorance, worse than Ignorance swallowed Jonah. *Knowledge* is power; but it can only be worth anything to anybody when rightly applied. There is but one thing which can teach the proper application of Knowledge, and that is *Wisdom*, Ignorance is a *beast*, Knowledge is a *man*, but Wisdom is a *beauty*, the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. Knowledge is the great, ponderous locomotive engine, standing upon the human railway track, with all its complicated machinery ready for action, thrilling in every nerve, panting and eager to be off on the journey, and to reach her destination. Wisdom is the little, intelligent, expert engineer, who climbs nimbly up into the cranial cab-house, seizing hold of the lever of the human will, causing the human machine to move either forward or backward, but always

deciding to send it in the *proper direction*, and to bring it to a happy destiny.

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

As we have already intimated, *Truth* is the grandest old race-horse in the universe. He is believed to be the original and the only true thoroughbred. He is constantly surprising the boys, breaking the record, and winning first money in every race. There is but one thing on earth which can run as fast as Truth, for a short distance, and that is the old dark horse, which people usually denominate a "Lie." As a race horse, however, he is not a success. He is not *built* that way. He is knock-kneed, spavined, and blind in both eyes. Besides this, he is thick-winded, and has no bottom. In the race of life he starts out briskly, and runs at a rattling pace to the first quarter-pole, but by that time he is usually blowed, and out of the race. But *Truth* has great staying qualities, and, passing on swiftly around the course, we see him coming in grandly on the home-stretch, winning the race in front of the judge's stand. He gets there every time. But looking back over the course, we see the old dark horse come plodding slowly up the back-stretch, and

we can see, with half an eye, that he is in the position of the man who went to see the queen married—he is going to get there just in time to be *too late*; for as he approaches the *distance-flag* it is flaunted gaily in his face. Does it make him sick? Well, we should remark, that the old horse feels somewhat discouraged, and his *backers* usually feel worse than he does; but as misery loves company, they all go off to their own place, and when they get there the backers do the next best thing, that is, they kick themselves over the back-yard fence, and then immediately retire to the dark and dismal shades of the late lamented McGinty.

Truth is not only a great race-horse, but he is also a grand old weaver, not like the original William, who was said to have been a gay deceiver, but a genuine *weaver of whole cloth*. The name of the cloth which Truth weaves is Faith, and it is made up into many beautiful wedding garments. Each of these garments has seven distinct and beautiful colors, like those which appear upon Joseph's coat. The names of these colors are the names of the *Christian graces*, and Christian graces are like sweet-smelling perfumes—the more they are utilized the sweeter they smell, and the more perfect becomes our outward adornment.

There are four classes of persons who are

clothed with these wedding garments. They are, the Prince, the Poet, the Puritan, and the Pioneer. When the Prince is clothed in his wedding garment, he says, "The just shall live by Faith." The Poet says, "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again." The Puritan says, "Trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry," while the sturdy old Pioneer simply says, "Be sure you're right, boys, and then go ahead."

We are all little Adams and Eves, and to every child born into the world it is as fresh and sweet and fair as it was in the original Eden. No wonder men have never been able to find the exact locality of "that garden." The language is figurative, and is a description of a *condition*, rather than a *locality*. We have always cursed the original parents for eating forbidden fruit, and thereby bringing sin into the world—as if there were no forbidden fruit in our day. We never curse ourselves, yet we have our forbidden fruit, and we eat it, smack our lips, and gulp it down as complacently as they did. Consistency is a jewel, but the present generation ought to confess to not having enough of this needful commodity to adorn a lady's finger-ring. In eating forbidden fruit it makes us sick, and when the Great Physician comes, graciously prescribing a remedy, we utterly refuse to take

our medicine; and this simply shows what foolish and disobedient children we are.

Now, as a rule, we do not believe in being harsh with children; but in cases of this kind, where *discipline* must be enforced, and where the maternal *slipper* is not available, it would seem that something must be done, and that the most efficacious means would be either the vigorous application of the paternal boot—that of a Bogardus kicker, or a two thousand pound dynamo.

The earth was no doubt, originally intended for a magnificent spiritual flower garden; but it has been sadly misappropriated. It was intended that the human race should live in perpetual happiness, enjoying sweet intercourse with each other, and with the Infinite Good. They were to cultivate the earth, to be sure; but this was to be a labor of love, and in return for that kind attention; so lovingly bestowed, nature was to yield up her fruits and flowers, gladly contributing to the necessities and happiness of man. But in addition to this *material department*, as a physical food-supplier, there was of necessity joined that more subtle attachment of the Divine mechanism, which would tend to a higher and better development.

LECTURE IX.

THE SPIRITUAL FLOWER GARDEN.

Upon receiving possession of the heritage, the human family, instead of getting down to *business*, and attending strictly to their legitimate vocation, became dissatisfied. Instead of cultivating their *minds*, which was, indeed, the true flower garden, upon which they were to bestow most painstaking labor, they gave way to *sensuality*. We do not make that radical distinction between *Earth* and *Heaven* which very pious people are wont to do, for the very reason that we *cannot*, consistently with our understanding of the Divine nature, and without doing violence to our sense of truth, and the eternal fitness of things. If it is conceded, as it must be, that man has both a physical and a spiritual nature, and that both must develop, grow, and prosper, must it not also be conceded, that the habitation of this dual nature requires both a little *Earth* and a little *Heaven* for its greatest prosperity? We scout the idea, that this present habitation is all *Earth* and no *Heaven*. If we really believed this, as Paul says, "We of all men would be most miserable," and we should certainly seek a passage to the *Better Country*, by the morphine route, as soon as we should be able to interview a prescription clerk.

Posterity has persistently followed the example of their ancestors, in obeying the injunction to multiply and increase, until it is high time that ancient order should be countermanded. This commandment, in reference to reproduction, is the only one which has ever been literally fulfilled, thus showing that it is much easier to obey a *physical* law than a *spiritual* one. It goes without saying, that in proportion as we cease to be carnal, and learn to become spiritual, we shall become happier and better. If we become good children, we delight to go out and commune with nature, face to face, where she takes us gently by the hand, leading us through her labyrinths of grandeur and beauty, until at last, if we grow tired, we may fall sweetly to sleep in our mother's arms. Waking again in the morning, we feel refreshed and strengthened, then we can either pursue our journey forever rejoicing, or calmly sit down under the shadow of the Sun of Good with great delight, and His fruits shall become sweet to our taste.

Diligence, in the cultivation of our spiritual flower garden, will at all times give us grand and beautiful bouquets, which, upon great national festival occasions, we may lay down gratefully upon the altar of our country, or, what is still better, we may present them as *waive, peace, or thank offerings* before the

Lord, when—if they be offered in *Faith*—Love, which is the fire from Heaven, shall come down to consume them, and thus sweet incense shall ever ascend to bless the Giver of all good.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

When *Life*, who is the great father of us all, had determined to create a world of animated existence, he called into his council the undying principles of *Wisdom and Love*, and together these three absolutely essential elements in nature not only proceeded to create man, reflecting the image of their own glory, but also, in pursuance of that Divine plan, continued to develop the beautiful form of lovely woman.

“For when the evening sun was low,
To sleep old Adam he did go.
But when next morning he arose,
Not stopping to put on his clothes,
And opening up his dreamy eyes,
He saw an angel in disguise.
For sweet on Adam, Eva smiled,
And poor old Adam’s *heart* beguiled.
She took him to the garden-gate,
Gave him *apples*, and he *ate*.”

But ever since that time the question has been seriously agitated, “Is marriage a failure?” This question is closely related to

that other foolish one, "Is life worth living?" And as a fool is always supposed to be answered according to folly, we may say, in answer to the last question, that it depends very much upon the *conditions* and *disposition* of the liver. But as to the original question, "Is marriage a failure?" the answer is not so easy. The question of marriage largely involves a matter of faith, and faith is always a dim road, where we are often compelled to take a leap in the dark. To our mind the question of marriage has always presented a kind of social jumping-jack—the more we have held it up to view, and manipulated it in all its mental phases, the more we have become confused in reference to the matter, so that we can scarcely tell *exactly* what kind of an animal it is. If based upon *Love*, is is a Divine institution; if upon *Money*, it is a hoo-doo.

"Cursed be the laws which sin against the strength of youth;
Cursed be the lies which warp us from a living truth.
Cursed be the man who errs from honest nature's rule,
And cursed be the *gold* which guilds the straightened forehead of the fool.

Tradition and common sense both tell us, that there are three classes of persons who never should marry at all. These are, strong-minded women, who wear their hair cut *short*, weak-minded men, who wear *long hair*, and foolish, fashionable, and giddy young maid-

ens, who invariably faint at the sight of a cow. But to men and women of *sense*, who have the necessary moral and physical qualifications, it is believed that marriage offers the only conditions in which, under all the circumstances of life—

“Love takes up the glass of time,
And turns it in his glowing hands,
When every moment, lightly shaken,
Runs itself in golden sands.

As to when people should marry, is also a mooted question, but it is generally conceded, that when Barkis is willin', and when Mary And (for that is usually the girl's name) has given her consent, is the happy possessor of a pug dog, a piano, and a cow, and when the father and mother have been properly interviewed, and are ready to say, in the conventional style, “Bless ye now, my children,” then the moment seems to be auspicious. It is always a good time to make hay while the sun shines, and under these circumstances we should remark, that the sun is shining very brightly. But it sometimes happens, in the course of human events, that true love does not run smoothly. In cases of this kind it becomes necessary for Barkis to exercise a little strategy. This he usually does in very good style, by instructing Jehu to stop the carriage just outside the garden-wall, in the

early twilight, where Dulcina, who has been placed on the inside of the combination, makes her appearance, is lifted gently into the waiting vehicle, and hied to the nearest parsonage. But what is their surprise, upon reaching the destination, to find that the anxious parent has anticipated their movements, and is anxiously waiting to give Barkis a warm reception with the family shotgun. Now, in cases of this kind, we are sure our friends will agree with us, that marriage is a failure.

“As the husband is, the wife is;
If she is mated to a clown,
The grossness of his nature
Will have weight to draw her down.”

“Love in a cottage cosily may dwell,
But much prefers to have it furnished well.
Love, though reckoned water-proof,
Is sometimes drowned by a leaky roof.

But when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary, that the married woman should prove herself the best *man* of the *two*, then, indeed, a decent regard for the opinions of mankind would seem to dictate, that she should immediately declare the causes which impelled her to assume the wearing of the pantaloons, (or words to that effect.) Tradition has kindly left a motto, and a word of consolation to our antiquated

maiden aunts. The *motto* is, "Hope on, hope ever, hope even against hope;" and the *consolation* is—

"There was never a goose so gray,
But that some foolish gander came that way,
And took her for his mate."

LECTURE X.

SOCIAL AND MORAL OBSERVATIONS.

We are *social* as well as political and moral beings, and even now, in our minds, we can see come trooping in, our fathers and our *sisters*, our mothers and our brothers, our uncles, and our cousins, and our aunts.

"But what to us were life,
Without the busy wife,
Who hustles us around
So *lively*, with her broom?"

Once upon a time, a learned judge who graced the bench, in speaking of society, gave these three classes: *women*, men and French.

And yet another, who was both a poet and a lawyer—we mean the learned and witty John G. Saxe—whilst hewing out a *poem* entitled, "The Money King," with his poetic ax—

He classified the *lot*,
Into those who *have money*,
And those who have *not*.

Society is composed of classes,
And they are numerous as mountain passes.

By society, we understand
The various relations of mankind
To his fellow man.

The first class we call *Aristocracy*,
Differing somewhat from true Democracy,
In that 'tis composed of fools we can't endure.
To this class, therefore, we demur.

The next is *Democracy*, or society where
All of equal weight and importance are,
What though a man be poor, and his *face* be like the tan,
If he have *true principles*, what's the *matter* with the *man*.

Man's a *fool* at twenty-one;
His stormy life is just begun.
He lives too *fast*: the years pass swiftly on,
And the *first* episode of life is done.

At twenty-eight, the mind and body are full grown:
He resolves to marry—'tis not *good* to be alone.

He applies at once, without offense, to Miss—Jones,
And *she consents*, and soon becomes
Flesh of *his* flesh, and bone of his bones.

But is it *so*?
Do they through life in unison go?

For a time, indeed, they live happily together withal:
But so soon as the "Children beginneth to squall,"
Love jumps out of the house, through a *hole* in the *wall*.

Not bound together henceforth by *love*, but by *force*,
Loudly they call on the *law*, for *divorce*.

Then come courts, lawyers, lawyer's fees, *acrimony* and *alimony*, together with an unseemly scramble for worldly goods. In this race for social freedom the devil usually catches the hindmost, and his name is *Dennis*, (and the children,) for in the end, some other fellow is sure to get the divorced wife and the alimony.

Every man, in his nature and disposition, is either a sky-lark or a night-owl. If a sky-lark, he soars and sings; and the higher he soars the sweeter he sings, and the more he praises his Maker. But if nature has destined him to be a night-owl, he must be content to go forever groping his way blindly through the dark, or, escaping this terrible degradation, he at best can but seek a refuge in some lonely, deserted, and ruined tower, and there he must remain, until the edifice shall crumble into dust, when he, too, shall be covered with the dust of the falling debris, and buried forever out of sight in the fallen ruins.

We are but human hogs, gathering fruit under the Divine plum-tree, never looking up to see from whom these blessings come; and Alice Carey has aptly described the situation, when she says—

"They are most unworthy
The bountiful provisions of God's care,
Who never look up with all the heart,
And say, "How good, my Father,
Oh, how good Thou art.'"

FOOLS, CRANKS, AND PHILOSOPHERS.

But we are political, as well social and moral beings. The old trees of *Liberty* and *Protection* were either born or engrafted upon our shores; but of late years those trees are beginning to show signs of premature decay and the *fruit* itself is getting a little bit *wormy*. Who is it, that is now standing at the lookout, in the grand pilot-house of the old Ship of State? Is it the true spirit of personal *liberty*, or is it the wretched and degrading spirit of *lawless license*? What *is* the true policy of free America? Is it that of the greatest good to the greatest number? Or is it the petty policy of the professional politician, which says, "The people be d--d?"

Disease affects nations, as well as individuals. There are now many indications which point to the fact, that Uncle Sam's health is slightly impaired. It would now seem necessary for the well-being of his numerous family that the old gentleman should brace up a little. It may become necessary that he

should either take a tonic, or turn his face to the wall and pray fervently, as Hezekiah did, that he may have another fifteen years added to his political life. I am aware, that we should all be sorry to hear of the old man's death; but oh my! wouldn't it make a splendid funeral procession!

There are three classes of citizens who demand more than a passing notice. These are, the fools, the cranks, and the philosophers. The fool is a kind of an oyster-man—that is to say, he is all *mouth*, and no *brains*. He is a human sucker, a consumer and no producer, content to absorb what *good* he can from the world about him, without ever giving anything in return. The crank is a man of somewhat higher character. He is a man of, at least, *one idea*, but *that* idea is usually the bane of his life, and of every life with which he comes in contact. He will argue with his neighbor, from early morn till dewy eve, to prove the necessity of carrying coal to Newcastle, (or words to that effect.) But when at last the evening shades appear, and the little stars come out and begin to blink at him, he will take the hint, thinking, perhaps, they are trying to make fun of him, so that, like the Arab, he folds his tent and silently steals away, leaving the world to darkness, and the sensible man to his own

reflections. But *Tradition*, who always sleeps with one eye open, says, that the crank universally bobs up serenely next morning, before breakfast, ready and willing to renew the conflict.

The philosopher needs no description at our hands. We are *all*, to some extent, philosophers ourselves—at least, in our minds. The true philosopher is the legitimate spiritual prophet, filled with inspiration, and gifted with second-sight. He can look away down the stream of time, behold either the old ship of church, or state, grandly sailing; tell exactly in what latitude she is, what the probabilities are that she will come safely into port, how much ballast she carries, how the ship is manned, and when and where she is going to land; or, if there be *breakers* ahead, he can order out the *signal lights*, and woe be to the unhappy mariner, be he *man*, *church*, or *state*, who refuses to heed them.

Philosophers are generally bald-headed, and the world now owes a debt of gratitude to bald-headed men. Most of them have lost their sclap-locks in honorable brain-work skirmishes, dedicated, almost exclusively, to the benefit of their fellows and of their country. In all my experience, I have never seen but one bald-headed fool, and he was in great demand as a natural curiosity.

LECTURE XI.

COFFEE-COOLERS AND BLOCK-VOTERS.

The world has given us two specimens of the gentleman. One is simply a *gentle man*, who loves to do right, and who *does* it. The other is usually a sporting man, and justly reckoned a very good judge of very bad whisky; what he *thinks* he knows, would make a library. But the coffee-cooler—what's the matter with him? He's all right. He stands as an honorable landmark between the *old* and the *new*—between the *false* and the *true*. He is the product of a more perfect moral, social, and political development, and a living monument of the promotion and perpetuation of a higher and more perfect Christian civilization.

It has been intimated, that many men were induced to join the army under the immediate pressure of a military draft, and the remote possibility of some day obtaining an eight-dollar pension, in case they should have their heads shot off. It is but just to say, that the confidence which Uncle Sam reposed in them was never betrayed. Never at any time, during their country's darkest hours, did the great black camp-kettle, filled with steaming-hot coffee, make an impetuous charge upon them, that they were not *ready*

and more than *willing* to repel that charge with their bright shining little tin cups, and when, under such circumstances, they met the enemy, truth not only compels us to say, that he was *theirs*, but that *they* were also, as ever, Uncle Sam's truly.

But it is chiefly as a real-estate dealer, that the coffee-cooler looms up conspicuously in the history of the country. So great was the confidence reposed in him at the close of the war, that Uncle Sam made him a very advantageous proposition, to embark with him in the real-estate business, in Western Kansas and Nebraska. He proposed to bet them one hundred and sixty acres of land, against fourteen dollars in money, that none of them could live for five years consecutively on the land, without starving to death. We do not say, that Uncle Sam *won* the *bet*, but we *do* think, that the record will show that, in most cases, he now has both the land and the money. Bret Harte talks about the native cuteness of the heathen Chinees; but we think that in a matched game, Uncle Sam would give him a very close tussle. If they were engaged in a game of baseball, and each were trying to make a home run, the old man would be away out of sight. U. S. would get there, before the heathen could get his wooden shoes off.

This extended notice of real-estate transaction is given for the benefit of tenderfoot coolers, who have never, like ourselves, bitten off more than they could chew. We sometimes think it would have been better for us had we been born black. In that case we might, some day, live to realize possession of that traditional forty acres of land, and a mule.

This is a great country,
That's beyond a doubt;
And Decoration Day, and July Fourth,
We always let the secret out.

This is a great country, especially on *election day*, when votes are selling as high as two hundred cents apiece. The most profitable way to manipulate votes is in blocks. A block consists of *five votes*. The man who arranges the blocks is a political hustler, but the fellows who do the voting, under such circumstances, are political block-heads.

SOCIAL MONSTROSITIES.

Uncle Sam is not only a hustler, but is also a rustler, and combines the happy faculty of uniting business with pleasure. A great many years ago, when he established the military academy at West Point, he conceived the

double purpose of creating officers for the army, and also at the same time furnishing eligible husbands for ambitious young ladies.

It is a grand sight, on graduation day, to see a group of young ladies surround a poor, helpless, defenseless cadet, while one of their number carries him off into captivity. But, after all, the young man is not so much to blame. What educated gentleman would not prefer being the husband of a beautiful young lady, to going away out into the wild and woolly west, fighting Digger Indians and eating grasshoppers.

No man desires to be thought a fool. Call a man a fool, and you lose his friendship forever. Dare to intimate that a lady is not intelligent, and the offense would be but little less than were you to say she is not beautiful, and this, indeed, would be an unpardonable sin. Flattery, like music, has power to soothe the savage mind; but *egotism* is, perhaps, the most prominent bump on the cranium-map of human nature. It is the Pike's Peak of the surrounding faculties, standing out *alone*, rather grand and gloomy, but always peculiar. It casts a dark and dismal shadow over the social landscape, where the altitude is altogether too *high* and the temperature too *low* to vegetate anything delightful and pleasing.

Some of us at times, when in a condescend-

ing mood, might be willing to admit, that there is possibly a fool somewhere in the family, but of course, it would never be ourselves; it would always happen to be the other fellow.

A few years ago, when Peck discovered the original Bad Boy up at Milwaukee, he thought he had struck a bonanza. Fond fathers freely bought copies of the book for their hopefuls to read, and the story of Bad Boy, for awhile, became quite a fashionable pastime in some of the best regulated families. But the misguided old duffers soon found they had made the mistake of a life time. They had reckoned without the host, and had bitten off more than they could comfortably masticate; for the Bad Boy increased so fast that there soon became a glut in the market. Instead of becoming a kind of pet natural curiosity, he soon began to be reckoned an infernal, inhuman monstrosity. Now the burning question with the fond parent is, "How shall I dispose of my surplus stock on hand, and prevent its further increase?"

The stock is freely offered in the open market, but there are no takers, and this accounts for the fact, that the Bad Boy and the Billy Goat have been forced to form an exclusive social combination, by means of which, in the absence of anything better, one

is permitted to march with stately tread to the sausage-mill, and the other forever daily doomed to pass, slowly and sadly, upon the road which leads over the hill to the poor-house.

Much as we deprecate the existence of the Bad Boy, there are many mitigating circumstances. Bad boys are only the legitimate results of the bad example of bad men; one is the antecedent, the other the consequent. Abolish the bad man, and the bad boy will either evaporate into social air, or develop into a perfect manhood.

But the latest fad is, the amateur young lady whistler. We once had the extreme displeasure of witnessing a performance of this kind, and truth compels us to say that when the young lady was preparing to pucker her beautiful mouth, preparatory to giving the opening overture, we were deeply and solemnly impressed with the idea, that there was about to be altogether too much sweetness wasted on the desert air. We are opposed to such exhibitions, on the ground of economy. It is too great a waste of raw material. In the main, we are partial to women's rights. We believe in giving them the greatest personal liberty. Let them enter into intellectual scrapping matches with us as much as they like, but let them not think,

because reciprocity has given us free sugar, that it is not still incumbent upon them to teach economy. Young ladies, for heaven's sake, let us admonish you, as you prize your own happiness, and the happiness of those you love, never be tempted to pucker your beautiful mouths, unless it should be under a strong provocation to kiss somebody, and even then, perhaps, this temptation itself should be an economical one, and the kiss well administered.

LECTURE XII.

SHOOTING FOLLY AT LONG RANGE.

Wisdom is the great fool-killer, and if he should come down to earth in bodily form; marching boldly among us, with his sword of the spirit, many of us would, no doubt, become frightened, though it is doubtful if we could all be made to believe, that we are exactly the kind of people he is looking for. If he should call upon us at our homes, politely sending up his card, and requesting an interview, many of us would, no doubt, send down our excuses as not being at home. If he should be importunate, we would put him off to a more convenient season. We do not realize that it is necessary for our own good,

that we should fall into his hands; that we should become as clay in the hands of the potter; that we should be all broken up, before we can be fashioned anew, and made into perfect beings. In human nature, *hind-sight* is always better than *foresight*. This accounts for the reason that Bellamy could write his book, "Looking Backward." It is also a wise provision in nature. Were it otherwise, we would all be enabled to take our little amateur spiritual shotguns, and shoot folly as it flies, at long range; and since folly is the principal thing we feed upon; and is not protected by the game laws it would soon become an extinct species, and many of us would, no doubt, be left in a starving condition.

The beautiful custom of painting towns red originated west of the Mississippi river. In the eastern States, and the Mississippi valley, an ordinary hustler is supposed to be good enough for all practical purposes; but it might as well now be understood, once for all, that west of the Missouri river no ordinary hustling tenderfoot ever goes. So soon as he reaches the sacred precincts of the woolly west, he is immediately transformed into the fully-grown, rugged Rocky Mountain rustler. It is a grand sight to see a lot of these irresponsible bummers, cowboys, and hoodlums, painting a

town red, especially of a dark night. It is a good advertisement for the town; it advises you, if you are nothing but a tenderfoot, that you had better hustle out of the way, and it emphasizes the fact, that the local authorities have entered into a conspiracy with the afore-said combination, to ruin the *morals* of the place, in order to boom the country and the town.

There is a natural and there is a spiritual cowboy. The natural cowboy is a character, whose acquaintance is no longer to be desired. He has been sufficiently described already as a bragging Falstaff, mounted upon a bucking mustang pony. But the spiritual cowboys are gentlemen, whose acquaintance we should very much desire to cultivate. There are seven of these, and they constitute the body-guard of His Divine Majesty. You will be more fully introduced to them later on.

As civilization advances farther west, and every available nook and corner of our territory is being occupied, the natural cowboy finds that like Othello, his occupation is gradually slipping away from him; that he soon shall have made his last round-up, and that he must now step down and out, to make room for the better company, the spiritual cowboys that are to be, and who shall soon supersede him.

LECTURE XIII.

THE MIDDLE WAY.

It is said that—

“When of our lives a nice review we take,
The hours for which we have least cause to weep,
Are those we spend in childhood, or in sleep.”

Blessed combinations! Childhood and sleep; youth and manhood; old age and death! How intimately are they associated, in our minds, with all our present and future aspirations! As in childhood and manhood we sleep a natural sleep, finding therein sweet surcease from every earthly care and sorrow, so, too, in old age and death we may look confidently forward to that last sleep, which shall usher in that glorious rest, which remaineth to the people of Good.

“Then let us sleep, and give the Maker praise,
For Jove is wise, and equal in his ways.
God bless the man who first invented sleep.
So said Sancho Panza, and so say I,
And bless him, too, that he didn't *keep* the invention,
As well he *might*, a close monopoly, by patent right.”

For sleep brings rest; rest brings strength; strength gives capacity to think; thought is labor; labor is love, and love is the fulfillment of the Divine law,

The magic spells of childhood must ever

linger about us in our waking hours, and visit us in dreams. Who is there among us, that does not remember his own—

“Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and beauty cheered the laboring swain;
Those dear bowers of innocence and ease,
Scenes of his youth, where every sport could please.”

These were the charms of youth; but all their joys have fled.

Fate, as well as fortune, has the reputation of being a fickle jade, but, in the main, they are very *kind* to us. Neither of them would ever conspire to rob us of the delightful experience of childhood, nor to obliterate the memory of the time when we caught bluebirds in the hollow stumps, or dug sweet-roots in the old sugar-camp. We sometimes think *fate* is cruel, when she drags us away from the scenes of earthly happiness; but we are consoled by the reflection, that “all who tread the globe are but a handful, to the tribes which slumber in its bosom, and that we shall at last approach the grave, as those who wrap the draperies of their couch about them, and lie down to pleasant dreams.”

The motto of Lord Chesterfield was, that in going through life, we should take a *carriage* and sleep on the journey; but the difficulty in this case would be, that we should not *all* have carriages to ride in, and even if

we had, Bellamy has justly shown us, that none of us could ride except his neighbor should draw him. This service we certainly have no right to expect of anyone. Besides, the Chesterfieldian theory would controvert the *truth*, that life is *real*, life is earnest. Life is not all a picnic, by any means; there is *work enough to do*.

“There are sins that need confessing,
There are wrongs that need redressing.
There is work enough to do,
Ere the sun goes down.”

With the standing dispute between the optimist and the pessimist, we have little or nothing to do. Life is too short, and eternity too vast, to engage in unseemly disputes. We shall have enough to do to avoid *extremes*, and keep in the straight and narrow path, in the middle way; for we believe there *is* a middle way, a Happy Medium; that it is interspersed with spiritual fruits and flowers; that we may pluck them by the wayside, eating alone that which is good, and like the spies of old, returning again to our friends, with grand specimens of fruitful vintage, and bringing goodly reports of the Promised Land.

CONDITIONS OF HAPPINESS.

In every warfare there must be both spies and soldiers; but in the moral conflict every man must be both *spy* and *soldier*—a spy first, and a soldier afterward. But no man is fit to spy out the land, who has not sought a great moral elevation. He must hie himself to a position where there is plenty of oxygen, ozone, and inspiration in the air; then, taking his little mental field-glass, and striking a lucifer upon his imagination, he must illuminate the grand moral panorama, which Wisdom shall condescend to pass in review before him.

The way to happiness, which Wisdom points out, lies strictly over what is known as the *duty* line. On this line are found seven distinct and beautiful stations, at each of which the passenger is required to pay fare, as he passes along. There are no free passes, nor through tickets without change of cars, but the happy passenger may, upon booking his name at headquarters, check his baggage safely through to his final destination. Before starting upon his journey, he must invest largely in Health, purchase a big ticket at Knowledge; stop and invest largely at Morality; become acquainted and dine with his friend Sociability; work his passage at Industry, and at last realize that he is rolling in

Spiritual Wealth at the end of his journey. These are all material stations, which the passenger is supposed to have properly interviewed, before he can present his check and receive his baggage, at the end of the road. But upon receiving his baggage, he is agreeably surprised to find contained therein the pattern of a wedding garment, and his mind is delighted with anticipations of a wedding feast, to which he is soon to be invited.

Man is a creature of circumstances. There are certain conditions surrounding him, with which he has to do, and which largely determine his destiny. Having *life*, we have everything else to get. The first effort of a new-born babe is a struggle for physical existence. We must *live*, and, in order to live, we must observe the *conditions* upon which life depends. Eternal vigilance is the price of everything worth having. If men would strictly observe the conditions of health, and throw physic to the dogs, the dogs might die, but the men would certainly be well.

No man desires to be thought a fool, but very few are willing to observe the conditions upon which knowledge depends. He who would see beautiful visions, must *climb* to the mountain-top. There is no excellence without great labor. In the language of the English cockney, "You simply pays your

money, and you takes your choice." If we refuse to exercise the will-power, which gives quality to the actions, we must remain in a state of barren nakedness.

There is no more pitiable object in God's universe than a moral bankrupt, a man devoid of will-power. Cardinal Woolsey is a case in point, and no wonder Shakespeare made him to remorsefully say, "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, He would not thus have left me naked to mine enemies." It is all *nonsense*, or sheer hypocrisy, for a man to say he *cannot* leave off his *petty vices*, as well as break wholly away from his *larger sins*. The truth is, he *will not*, because his sense of morality is less than the strength of his passion. "No man liveth to himself;" he is not built that way. By virtue of our own existence, we *must* have our earthly parents; hence *sociability* is one of the conditions of our being, and it is a moral question for us to decide, how *well* we discharge our obligations to others.

We must die, but we must also live; and, having our physical wants to administer to, the necessity is begotten for *action*. God does not immediately kill us with goodness. He does not feed us willing or unwilling, but He does a *better* thing, by giving us the opportunity to feed ourselves. If we exercise

this opportunity, we become industrious, and thus fulfill another law of our being. If all these former conditions are complied with, the result is, we shall not lack any good thing, which is necessary for our comfort.

But when we become wealthy in a material sense, there is an aching void which the world cannot fill. We are compelled to remember the Divine injunction, "With all thy *getting*, get *wisdom*." But where shall wisdom be found? Every fool can tell where it is not, but where is he? We have been looking for him, and hope to show him to you later on.

The world is filled with natural and spiritual tramps, men who will neither work for bread, nor exercise the moral courage to build up a Christian-character. The one we know already; the other is the meaner man of the two, because his opportunities are greater, and with him nature has been more lavish with her gifts. The spiritual tramp is the true Ishmaelite of the earth, whose hand is against every man, and in turn every man's hand shall be against him. His progeny is a numerous one, and his sons are often found occupying high places in the land, sometimes sitting at the receipt of customs, at other times assuming the responsibility of executing the laws. But wherever found, he is known and read by honest men, as wearing about

him evermore the curse of Cain. If he does not aspire to high places, he may be daily seen in the saloon or upon the street corner, as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, or perhaps as a loud-braying political jackass, either sulking, or trying to frighten someone with his loud-sounding voice. He never succeeds in accomplishing his object, however, for his true character is always suspected by a discriminating public.

LECTURE XIV.

GOOD AND PERFECT GIFTS.

There are three grand and beautiful truths in our political declaration, that the inalienable rights of men are, those of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But there is, perhaps, a grander and more primitive truth, couched in the language, that every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from above, from the Father of Light, in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. As our political fabric rests on the basis of natural life, liberty, and happiness, so our spiritual structure is based on the cardinal truth, that good gifts and perfect gifts come down from the Father of Natural and Spiritual Light.

Without being convicted of an attempt to sermonize, we may call your attention to the fact, that even a blind man ought to be able to distinguish between *good* and *perfect* gifts. Health and knowledge belong to the first class, but wisdom and love are of a very different character. The *natural* light is a good gift, which we receive daily, without observation or comment; but the *spiritual* light we hail as a superior being. It is because these fine distinctions are not always perceptible, that the world of mankind is, to some extent, groveling in moral darkness; not because they *cannot* see them, but because their mental eyelids are not lifted up, to Him from whom their help cometh.

The natural man is stronger than the spiritual; hence he reaches out very early in life, grasps his brother by the throat, and, if he does not immediately choke the *life* out of him, he can, at least, so far cripple his sensibility, that he will never become, to any great extent, a formidable rival.

He who does the best he can, does well act nobly; angels could do no more. But what per cent. of the human family are making an *honest, earnest effort* to do the best they can, under all the circumstances of life? We delight to deceive ourselves.

Here the parable of the buried talent

applies, with equal force, against every mother's son, who seeks to evade his duty by vain excuses. Know ye not, that our hearts are open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do? We hustle and rustle, to get possession of material wealth; and just so sure as this is necessary in one case, it is necessary in the others. We must become spiritual rustlers, forgetting the things which are behind, reaching out to the things which are before, remembering that, in theory, man never *is*, but always *to be* blessed, and that *perfection* of happiness lies always in the future.

In every manifestation of life, there are two things to be considered. These are, the *blood* and the *conscience*. As there can be no healthy physical organization without good blood, so there can be no perfectly-formed spiritual body without a good conscience. We know it is argued, that conscience is not always a safe guide; but we have always found a good, healthy, well-developed, full-grown conscience the best friend in the world, and the safest and most reliable guide to follow. Of course, it must be quickened by love, else it would not be healthy. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, it is more than that, it is the price of *bread*, both natural and spiritual.

THE DEMANDS OF THE AGE.

Since the ancient philosopher went about at noonday, with a lighted candle, searching for men of character, the demand has never been satisfied. The demand is increasing for men of strong mental and moral endowments; for men who know the *right*, and dare maintain it; men whose hearts are overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and who are willing to *sacrifice themselves* for the good of others. There has never been too many Josephs and Joshuas, Davids, nor Pauls, neither has there been too many Gladstones, Washingtons, nor Lincolns, and oh, how we have learned to love our Bryants, Whittiers, and Longfellows.

The night of spiritual darkness is far spent, the *day* is at hand. The people are beginning to learn very fast, and they can now distinguish between Beauty and the Beast. The line of morality is being more strictly drawn every day. The great army of immoral, swinish kickers have been kicking until they are growing tired, and now that public opinion is beginning to squeeze them, they are manifesting their discomfiture by grunting and squealing. We have no doubt that eternal vigilance, backed by public sentiment, will ultimately have a tendency to cheapen the price of human pork.

The public conscience is being quickened; public sentiment is being educated and enlightened; the force of public opinion is becoming a great *weight*, influencing and shaping our legislation for the *better*, both State and National. Public opinion shall ultimately become the spiritual millstone, which, hung about the neck of the monster of iniquity, shall drag him down, like McGinty, to the bottom of the sea.

The poorer classes, the honest toilers of the land, now desire a breathing spell; they want time to think a little. They begin to realize that they, too, have some rights, which law-makers and millionaires are bound to respect; that a paternal government should not tempt them, above that which they are able to bear. Many of them, like true prodigals, now desire to return to their Father's house, and are willing to break off their sins, by returning to the Lord. But necessity knows no moral law, and so long as Capital will be unjust, there *must* of necessity be Ishmaelites in society, in the church, and in the state. The People, as well as the Supreme Court, are now supposed to know a thing or two, and they are demanding that the *Money God* shall be at least *just*, if he is not generous.

Progression and development are, indeed, the laws of nature. Evolution is all right.

Not that we are descended from a race of lower animals, but that it is the Divine law of change, whereby injustice shall cease and equity be meted out to all, and all of our natural bodies, which are fitted for the transformation, shall ultimately become spiritual ones.

The world and the church are both demanding new ideas, and they will get them just in proportion as the demand increases; for in our Father's house there is bread enough and to spare. In mercy God gives us *knowledge* in return for *Ignorance*, and if we still look up imploringly, we shall receive the Pearl of Great Price. The fatherhood of Good, and the brotherhood of Man, is a doctrine which we can all receive. Here is a basis of church union, and when I say it is good enough for me, why can there not be a general exclamation all along the moral line, "Me too! Me too!"

In our eager chase for worldly wealth and bodily amusement, we have but little time for reflection, and give ourselves little or none to bestow upon the building of the great spiritual temple; for, disguise it as we may, we are *builders*—

"And are building, every day, a temple the world may not see;

Building every day, building for eternity.

If a man should make a great feast and invite his friends to the banquet, he must needs exercise great care in the selection of the good things which he would set before them. Let us remember, then, that *we* have already been brought to the banqueting house; that the banner over us is *love*, and that our object should henceforth be the discovery and dissemination of truth, the end in view the promotion and perpetuation of human happiness, and our earnest desire the greatest possible good to the greatest number.

LECTURE XV.

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH.

We trust we are neither political knaves, fools, nor Flanigans. We do not propose to misrepresent nor outrage the feelings of a trusting and confiding constituency, but we do assume to be the true representatives of a higher and better civilization. We are advocating, with all the earnestness of our spiritual natures, a more perfect bond of universal brotherhood. We come in the name of Righteousness, Truth, Justice, Mercy, and Light, and, recognizing the value of *life*, and the

necessity of right living, we demand, in a spiritual sense, the answer to Flanigan's once foolish question, "What are we here for?" Who am I? What am I? From whence do I come, and whither do I go?"

In considering the three principal factors involved, in the solution of the great problems of life and human happiness, we are not to be restrained or kept back by any foolish, superstitious dread of the supernatural; neither are we to rush in rashly and foolishly unbidden upon holy ground. In some respects, at least, every man is supposed to be his brother's keeper; but no man may assume to be the authoritative spiritual guide of his brother, or seek to establish a property interest in his conscience, and this for the reason, that the same *data* from which *truth* may be evolved is equally accessible to all. Each human mind is an *empire* of itself; hence the most that we can possibly and properly do is, to excite each others minds to proper action, and then each empire may extend its spiritual domain at pleasure; at least as far as it is possible to do so.

No man living has a monopoly on truth; hence there is no authority for human creeds. There once lived a man who *had* a monopoly of this kind; but he was *more than man*, he was God manifest in the flesh. As *man* he is

dead, but as *God* he still lives. He is the God of Truth, and he has given to the world a perfect Revelation; but the *world* has never perfectly understood Him, partly because of the imperfection of human knowledge, but principally because knowledge has never been vigorously and exclusively applied in that direction. But when shall human knowledge become perfect, and *how* shall it become so? These questions are suggestive, and are intended for you to answer personally. What shall the answer be?

Each of us should eagerly engage in the acquisition of knowledge solely for the purpose of being able to comprehend the truth, and when we *find* a particle of this precious treasure, we should appropriate it, and store it carefully away in our earthen vessels, until the capacity is filled. But if we do not discover enough for practical purposes, we should gladly receive and appropriate that tendered us by others. After receiving enough of the needful commodity, we may distribute gratuitously among our neighbors, realizing that as we have freely received, we may also freely give, and that of the two the *giving* is the more blessed.

Longfellow, the great heart-poet, understood this sentiment perfectly well, when he said—

“If any thought of mine, e’er said or sung,
Hath given delight or consolation,
Ye will pay me back a thousand fold,
By every friendly sign, or salutation.”

CONTINUING THE SEARCH.

The prehistoric condition of affairs was, a world of chaotic darkness. The present beautiful existing condition of *law* and *order* had its origin only in light, and every progressive revelation to man, since the world began, has been but another revealed edition of the same Divine character. Every new and added light, each successive revelation, has been manifested only through the intelligence of man. The intelligent and educated mind of Moses, was the medium through which *Good* was pleased to reveal, to us, the grandest *spiritual* light which, at that time, the world had yet seen; a light which still shines for *us*, and which shall continue to shed its lustre upon all future generations. But even this spiritual brightness was afterward totally eclipsed, by the effulgence which emanated from the subtle mind of the humble Nazarene philosopher. *One* was simply *light* in a *dark place*; the *other* was an universal and a perfect illumination.

The brightness which attended the Son of

Good was so intense in its brilliancy that it *paralyzed*, for a time, the spiritual vision of the whole world. Men did not understand it, and many of our spiritual visions are paralyzed even unto this day; but the eye of intelligence has gradually accustomed itself to the light, for eighteen hundred years, until *now* our spiritual optics are growing stronger, and *many* of us can begin to see not only the beauties of this natural world, but are also beginning to catch glimpses of that more spiritual and beautiful world, which both *now is*, and which *is to come*.

“Jerusalem, the Golden, I languish for one gleam
Of all thy glory folden, in distance and in dream.
My thoughts, like palms in exile, climb up to watch and pray,
For a glimpse of that dear country, which lies so far away.”

Once upon a time, when a great naturalist was about to impart instruction to a class in in geology, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said instinctively, “Young gentlemen, before commencing to study the nature of these rocks, let us pray to God, who made the rocks, for wisdom to *guide us* in our investigations.” It seems to be the nature of man, when left to himself, to take an improper, imperfect, and superficial view of things, and, being conscious of his own ignorance, he instinctively looks *up*, for a higher and better

knowledge, both of his *own nature* and of the *things about him*.

We are, as certain of the poets have said, intellectually and morally speaking, *children* crying in the night, and with no *language* but to cry. It is true, that the mind has the power of originating ideas; but it is also true, that it lacks power of endurance and concentration. None of us can look for two hours, steadfastly and earnestly, at the point of a cambric needle, and for this reason there are many beautiful truths, both in human and Divine philosophy, which we will never be enabled to fully grasp and realize.

There are some men endowed with broader intellect, keener powers of perception, greater powers of concentration, and more will-purpose than ourselves. These men are already claiming the discovery of new truth concerning the problems of life, and human happiness. Shall we not hear them patiently? Or shall we disbelieve them, simply because *their* theories come in contact with our own, or, perhaps, because their philosophy is too profound for our immediate comprehension?

LECTURE XVI.

CONFLICT OF THE SILENT FORCES.

It is always a good time to join the procession while the band is playing and there are always some intellectual fellows ready to give us free concerts in the intellectual atmosphere. It is well enough to hold fast to that which is good, but it is first necessary to *prove* all things. But how can this be done without discussion and agitation? The world has been under marching orders for over six thousand years, and these orders apply to the human intellect, as well as to the planetary system. Men, as well as the planets, are not only continually moving about a common center, but are also moving onward and upward, into illimitable space. The flight of the eagle, sailing ships at sea, and the fleecy clouds, which float forever beyond the range of human vision, all point us to a spiritual world, and teach us that there is a great Beyond, a refuge from the storms of life, a haven of rest, a house of Good not made with hands, eternal in Happiness, somewhere in the sweet by and by.

Spiritual blindness is the *curse* of the *world*, and *Ignorance* is the father of it. Yet in all this gloomy darkness we hear the still, small

voice, "Knowing and doing is the sum of human happiness."

Many of you have been soldiers in a material warfare, and know, by experience, that the only way to get reliable information is, by going to headquarters. You could hear camp rumors every day, but they were either downright lies, or creatures of vain imagination. But when at last, one dark and gloomy night, the express messenger came dashing direct from headquarters, with the news that Lee had surrendered, then you *knew* that the *war* was over, that the last battle had been fought, that the last enemy had surrendered, and that you could now burn your old clothes, pack your knapsacks, strike your tents, burn the bridge behind you, bid goodby to the foe, and march triumphantly home to your own country.

The analogy holds good in the spirit world. When the heart is cast down and sore distressed, we look up for the light, and immediately there comes the still, small voice, saying—

"Child of the dust, from torpid ruin rise,
Be earth's delusions from thy bosom hurled,
And try to measure, with enlightened eyes,
The dread importance of the eternal world."

There is no sound of revelry, no clash of resounding arms. The soul, or the life, mind and affection, which is all the same, fights her

battles in silence. Yet it is a fearful struggle, a fight for life, and the survival of the fittest. There is no visible scarred battlefield, but the engagement is general all along the line. The conflict is here, there, and everywhere, wherever the human heart beats, or the human brain pulsates, there is the bloodless battlefield, there is the red-handed war, and either *death* is holding high carnival over some departing soul, or *life* is rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

With some the old hydra-headed monster, Vice, has grown to be a chestnut. But we love to roast him, all the same, and whenever we see him show his colors, like the troopers at Waterloo, there is mounting in hot haste, and speeding to the battlefield.

THE LAST ROUND-UP.

But lest you should grow tired of this kind of moralizing, and imperatively demand that we should give you a rest, if the band will now favor us with a tune, we will trot out the promised spiritual cow boys. They are no longer simply conditions of our well-being, but real personalities, and each is a personage as *real* as if he were actually mounted on a broncho. But no bronchos for them! They

are mounted upon spiritual steeds, 'and are directed by the true Father of the spiritual world, who in turn is mounted upon the beautiful white steed, Divine Wisdom. Their names are Life, Wisdom, Love, Truth, Justice, Mercy, and Light. See them as they come trooping in. They are dandies, and all are safely clad in shining coats of mail, so that nothing on earth shall dare to hurt, molest, or make them afraid. They are about to make a grand round-up on all the vast ranges of humanity. Human nature shall be gathered into one vast corral, and there it shall all be branded; there shall be no spiritual mavericks. Some shall bear in their faces the stamp of the Divine image, but others shall be branded evermore with the curse of Cain.

Good shall be there to claim those who are his. He shall march them out by battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, and army corps, placing over them the Captain of their Salvation; and He shall lead them up to the top of an exceeding high mountain, even to the top of the mountain of the Lord's house, where they shall lie down 'mid green pastures, and sleep forever sweetly beside the still waters.

Evil shall also be there to claim those who are his. He shall take them out and lead them down, into a dark and dismal valley. There they shall *die*, and there they shall be

buried, and *over* them shall be erected one grand, gloomy, and peculiar monument. It shall be the perpetual monument of God's eternal wrath, and *on* that monument shall be written, in bold, bright letters, which the whole world may read, "Here lies buried a race of human fools!"

There shall be a few special epitaphs. Over the grave of one shall be written, "Here lies a miser, who died of avarice; gorging himself so thoroughly upon his ill-gotten gains, and refusing to take an *emetic*, he died before the doctor could possibly get there. There was found no balm in Gilead which could heal him."

Here we pause at the grave of a pompous egotist. Poor fellow, how we pity him! He became so puffed up with self-conceit, that he suddenly died of spontaneous combustion. The hypocrite is not considered worthy of an epitaph, for no man desires to remember him, and none so vile as to do him reverence.

But here lies the vile carcass of a worthless libertine, who died of lust, which took possession of his soul, like a consuming fire, destroying alike his hope of Heaven and Happiness. He died as the *fool* dieth, and his works do follow him.

Here in this humble grave we find the sequel to the foregoing story; for we now come

to the grave of a poor, despised Magdalene,
who, when the tempter came, had no strength
of purpose to resist his will, and when she
fell she fell like Lucifer, never to hope again.

“One more unfortunate,
Rashly importunate, gone to her death.
Lift her up tenderly,
Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair.”

“Tread softly, bow the head, in reverence silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll, yet an immortal soul is passing
now.

* * * * *

There's a grim, one-horse hearse—with a jolly round trot;
To the church-yard a pauper is going.
The road is rough and the hearse has no springs;
Hark to the dirge, which the sad driver sings.
Rattle her bones over the stones;
She's only a pauper, who nobody owns.”

LECTURE XVII.

THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATES.

We now give you, in short form, the new version of the old story of *Eloi*:

A great many years ago, a Child was born in the old dilapidated town of Ignorance. Being a very good boy, he very much desired to go to a Better Country. Away out on the Journey of Life, at a place called Knowledge, *Wisdom* had established a *toll-gate*, and when our Brother had gotten that far on his journey, being tired, and stopping to pay his toll, he sat down by the wayside to rest and refresh himself a little. Looking up over the toll-gate door, he saw a *sign*, which read, "Keep to the Right, and still pursue thy journey, for the Beautiful City lies *just beyond*." We are glad to know that our Elder Brother—for it was he—kept these injunctions to the very letter, and that now he is safely housed at home in Heaven and in Happiness. And rejoicing as we do, that our Brother has reached his destination at last, we break forth into singing that grand old song—

"Hold the Fort, for we are coming."

Our Brother, whose name is now Divine Wisdom, and who has been so long lying daily at the gates waiting to be gracious,

catches the glad refrain, and stands boldly up before us. We see him as he is. He is the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star, the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. We approach him gladly, singing. He smiles sweetly upon us, and beckons us to come nearer. He now halts us, and gently demands the countersign. We approach and gladly give it. It is, "*Holiness to the Lord.*" The spell is now broken; for the Beautiful Gates, which have so long stood ajar, are now thrown wide open, and we march triumphantly through, and take peaceable possession of the Everlasting City.

"Now our hearts are filled with tenderness and tears,
And tears are in our eyes, we know not why.
With all our happiness, content to live for years,
Or even this hour to die.

We hold the keys of Heaven within our hands,
The gift and heirloom of a former state;
And up and down the skies, with winged sandals shod,
The angels come and go, the messengers of God."

A THREE-CORNERED FIGHT.

In all ages, philosophers have bobbed up serenely, and given us their theories of life and happiness. But no theory ever advanced seems so well adapted to meet the necessities of the case, as that advanced by the Nazarine.

It not only seems to have great staying qualities, but is like a *tree* planted by the river of waters. It is *spreading out*, until its branches are beginning to cover the whole earth, so that ultimately all nations may sit down under its *shadow* with great delight, and its *fruit* shall become sweet to their taste.

The age of Ignorance is dead, or fast dying out. She lies, or shall soon lie, a *lifeless corpse* at the feet of Knowledge. Knowledge shall wear the sceptre for a time, and her reign shall be glorious; but she, too, shall lie down and die, at the feet of Wisdom. Between Ignorance, Knowledge, and Wisdom, it is a three-cornered fight for life, and the survival of the fittest. Christ and his doctrine are our wisdom, and both he and it shall live forever.

“King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown.
Nothing from *thy love* shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.”

All that is necessary, as a permanent basis of church union is a *perfect interpretation of Christ*. Who shall give us this interpretation but the Holy Ghost? And who or what is the Holy Ghost but Love? The interpretation must be reasonable, and it must conform to the simple words of Good. Such an interpretation as this, such a system of religion as this *begets*, must commend itself to every man

and woman, who has sense enough to appreciate that life is worth living.

If we were called upon to diagram the situation, we would outline a hemisphere with a horizontal line through the center of it, then write "Fool" below the line, and "Wise Man" above it. We would then have presented the Divine problem. How shall we eliminate foolishness from the foolish man below the line, convert him into a wise man, and elevate him into a position above the line? We would have to give it up, and that is exactly what human nature has already done. But the difficult question was solved by Divine Wisdom, before the earth had yet been made a suitable place for the habitation of man, and now we are justly called upon to consider the proper solution of the problem.

The old story of the long, wide, and deep river, separating a dumb long-eared animal from a juicy hay-stack, is very pertinent; for when some philanthropic person had been good enough to erect a strong bridge, over which the starving animal might pass to green pastures, and the obstinate animal preferred to remain away rather than eat and live, tradition says it served him right, and that his unhappy fate was a just one.

Knowledge is good, but wisdom is better. With men, as well as mules, knowledge is

often deficient, while obstinacy is a superfluity, and wisdom a minus quantity. The mule is all backbone and no brains, and some men are built the same way. The spinal cord is all right, but the major part of the *medulla* is at the wrong end. Hence we have a race of chronic kickers.

Knowledge is a grand old tree, but Wisdom is a sublime conception. Wisdom is the true champion. He is a better man than Knowledge, and can knock him out every time. In the fight for life, Ignorance is a fool.

“Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind, from error,
Then there were no need of arsenals and forts.

LECTURE XVIII.

SEARCHING FOR GOD.

As the organization and equipment of an army must always precede the combat or opposing forces, so there are always conditions precedent, upon which every fact or theory depends. Our religion is both a theory and a fact—a fact that such a thing as human happiness actually exists, and a *theory* which establishes, promotes, and perpetuates its existence, beyond a possibility of a reasonable doubt.

The existence of intelligent man begets the necessity of a Christian religion. Were there no intelligent man, no Christian religion would be necessary. But you would go farther, and have us seek for the *cause* or *causes*, upon which the existence of man himself depends. In doing this you seek to establish a God of mystery, which is, to some extent, a God of foolishness. Whether God creates man, or man creates his own God is a vexed question. We suspect that the truth lies just half-way between.

The preliminary skirmish always precedes the true battle, which awards the victory to one, and *only one*, of the contesting and opposing forces. Truth and Error have incessantly chased each other over bloody battle-fields for centuries, and victory is now about to come home to roost.

“On life’s unyielding battlefield,
Two marshaled hosts are seen.
They shout and whoop on either side,
While death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat’s roll,
The wide-mouth clarion’s bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll—
‘Our glory is to slay!’

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet’s gleam,
That walks the cloudless skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennants wave;
Its banner bears the single line—
‘*Our duty is to save!*’

While valor’s haughty champions wait.
Till all their *scars* are shown,
Love walks, unchallenged, through the gate,
To sit beside the throne.”

Error grows and multiplies by the very fungus which it feeds upon. It is not denied that the present age has the foundation stone of the spiritual edifice. But it is confidently claimed that it has neither intelligently nor successfully builded thereon. With the two extremes of orthodoxy and infidelity, we have little or nothing to do, except in so far as *truth* shall justly *censure* the *one* or sharply *reprimand* the *other*. They are both children of a benighted and antiquated father, and so far from gathering with the Master, are actually scattering abroad.

There must, indeed, be a God, for to *this*, orthodoxy, Ingersollism, and the higher criticism have all agreed. One says, a God of mystery, which is but a God of foolishness. Another says, solely a God of imagination, a creature of man. But the higher criticism, the more perfect knowledge, says there is a God both of *Reason* and *Revelation*, and that He alone is King of kings and Lord of lords. Whether God creates man or man

creates his own God, the important point is conceded that God does actually exist.

Since the existence of God is conceded, it becomes necessary to inquire as to what kind of a being He is. Here is where all the trouble begins. The Lord still looks down from Heaven, to see if there are any who seek to know and understand His Divine character. But they, like sheep, have all gone astray, and are not looking in the *proper direction*. Ignorance is the curse of the world. Knowledge is the Divine *key*, which unlocks the storehouse, and sets the heavenly gates ajar, while Wisdom is the lamp which *guides* the heavenly way.

In the race for happiness there is a great deal of horse-play. We spend too much time in *scoring*, and have to be reminded by the judge, that we must quit fooling and bring up that horse. We once heard a great preacher give a lecture on the "Good Old Songs." He scored for three-quarters of an hour before getting off, and finally came to the scratch, a winner by a neck; actual time consumed in the lecture, only twelve minutes by the watch.

It is no uncommon thing for a man, who does not understand his subject, to try to cover it up with a multitude of words. Many big preachers scratch their empty head all the

week in despair, searching for a few thoughts to ventilate before their fashionable congregations on Sunday, and in their helpless inability to catch the spiritual meaning of the text, go painfully foundering around in the Gospel tub, to the disgust of sensible laymen.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

No man hath seen God at any time, and why? Not because there is no god, neither because He is not a personal being, but because His personality is a spiritual personality. But you ask, What is a spiritual personality? And in the answer to this, we find the real nature of the true Divinity.

Let us first inquire, What is a spirit? Have our pastors told us before? If not, then why not? A spirit is a *vital* or *living principle*, with which we have to do—nothing less, nothing more. With respect to their quality, they are either good or evil, and they conduce either to our happiness or misery. Let Christain Science protest if she will. We are after the truth, and she is young yet, and can afford to wait. Aside from *vitality*, there is no mystery. Life is the only mystery of

godliness. All other so-called mysterious spirits are a fraud, a delusion, and a snare.

The so-called mystery of godliness has been a perpetual stumbling-block to the world ever since its promulgation. It is to be regretted that Paul ever used such language. If men would ponder upon the exclusive words of Christ *more*, and *predicate less* upon the language of the apostles, Christianity would soon take on a new impetus, and be susceptible of a more spiritual interpretation. The religion of Moses was largely a religion of superstition. This was due to the prevalence of ignorance in his day. Because of his own personal superiority in intelligence and education, however, he sought out the why and wherefore of things, and being a philanthropist, he desired to promote and perpetuate the happiness of his fellows, sending them, by a gradual process, to a comparative realization of perfect happiness. Moses was not only a *type* of Christ, but to some extent, both a material and a spiritual Christ, to his brethren.

You ask, Would you have a new Christ today? We say, No, not necessarily. But *we must have a better understanding of the old*. Otherwise our present religious creeds are doomed to fall to pieces, of their very inconsistency. Every good man is a Christ, but

not *the* Christ. You ask, Would you tear down the ancient and venerable structure of our fathers, and obliterate the landmarks which in the past have guided us to such exalted heights of national happiness and prosperity? This is a question which sounds well, but where is the boasted happiness and prosperity of the masses, compared with what it *should be*, under the beneficent order of things, as contemplated by the true Christ? We would tear down nothing which may not be reconstructed with better material. Not that the *old* is worthless, but that the *new* is infinitely better.

Granted it is easier to tear the old fabric down than to rebuild; but this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. The Lord hath, indeed builded his house. But, like the temple of old, it must needs be torn down and reconstructed, giving place to a more spiritual edifice; and in this is the truth manifest, that He maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him.

In this world, we recognize that principles only are essential and vital; that, as compared with men, they are everything, and men are nothing. If we *contend*, it is for principle; if we fight, we *fight* for principle. The natural man is of the earth and devoid of principle. The moral man, the spiritual man, is the

Lord from Heaven, and those who are like-minded partake of His Divine character, becoming both kings of men and priests unto God in the Spirit world.

LECTURE XIX.

REACHING A CLIMAX.

God is not a terrible being, seeking an opportunity to destroy His adversaries; they are simply seeking to destroy themselves, and He has no physical nor moral power to prevent it, without His adversaries should will it otherwise. He is not a long-horned hoo-doo monster, lurking about the sanctuary, waiting to seize upon the sinner, neither does He permit the Devil to assume any such disguise for the purpose of destruction. The religion which appeals to men's fears is a false religion. Such were the religions of Moses and Solomon. While it is true that sin is hideous, death is odious, Heaven is happiness, and Hell is misery, it is also true that Good is the God of Love. While it is true that God is a personal being, it is also true that He is a spiritual personality. Hence it is foolish for men to conceive of a personal Man-God as it

was for the venerable Dan Tucker to climb a tree, expecting to get a view of Him.

God is not only a great spirit of living principle, but he is *the great spirit of living principles*. A living principle is a law. A law is a rule of conduct prescribed by the supreme power, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong. But God's laws are laws of *equity*, and are for the correction of that wherein human laws by means of their universal ignorance of the laws of human happiness are deficient. Human laws are the laws of sense, and are at enmity with the laws of God. The laws of sense are death, ignorance, hate, falsehood, injustice, cruelty, and darkness, and, under the dominion of these laws, we are all our lives subject to bondage, except we be made free from the laws of sin and death, by the wonderful *laws of life*, which are found only in Christ our Lord. The laws of life are health, wisdom, love, truth, justice, mercy, and light. If we are subjects of these laws, we are neither barren nor unfruitful, but evergreens in the great garden of Universal Good, things of beauty, and a joy forever.

As the greater always includes the less, so God—who is the personification of goodness—is a concrete being, composed of all the essential elements of goodness. Good is an abstract

quality, while God is a positive quantity. The doctrine of the Trinity is well founded. There is a Father, Son and Holy Spirit. But they have never been sufficiently defined. This brings us to a climax. What is the Father? What is the Son? And what is the Holy Spirit?

Life is the Father, Wisdom is the Son, and Love is the Holy Spirit. These three principles were the constituent elements of the Jewish God, but as yet Wisdom had not been made fully manifest. Hence the Jews were compelled to walk by faith, believing in a future and fuller manifestation of Wisdom and Love.

No person of observation will controvert the fact that God has given to the world a series of progressive revelations. The first was the revelation of Life, and this was manifested by creation. But in the first revelation Wisdom and Love were only dimly foreshadowed. In the second revelation, which culminated in the Mosaic law, Wisdom was more fully demonstrated. But under the law of sacrifice, *Love* was not so fully apparent. Under the fuller and more complete revelation of Christ. Love not only became manifest, but those other attributes of Divinity—Truth, Justice, and Mercy—were brought into full

view, whereby mankind were made to rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

But it remains for this generation to catch more perfect visions of the Divine nature, by means of the spiritual light which is being manifested through a higher education, a higher civilization, and a more critical knowledge of things in general. The end of faith is obedience to law, and the end of obedience is the favor of God. The antediluvian God was simply the God of Life. The Jewish God was the God of Life, with Wisdom and Love dimly foreshadowed. The Christian God is a fuller fruition of Life, Wisdom, and Love, with Truth, Justice, and Mercy foreshadowed. But the *true Light*, which is a perfect spiritual comprehension of the Scriptures, we have largely yet to obtain. Truly, the light shineth in the *dark places* of the *human intellect*; but *as yet the darkness does not fully comprehend*.

Are we about to receive a new revelation, a fuller dispensation? Yes. Why not? Truth, Justice, and Mercy, which is the true Christ, and which we have so long beheld at a distance, is graciously drawing nearer, and with the aid of the Divine Light which Wisdom is shedding upon us, we may soon see the Son of God again appearing to the world in all His glory. What the world needs is, sense

enough to know the Lord, and hospitality enough to receive Him. Our code of ethics must be simplified. This, for the love of Good, and the common blessing of humanity, we propose to do.

CONCEPTIONS OF DIVINITY.

You who have never seen the Almighty God, and who have been taught to believe that He is a terrible being, draw near with thankful hearts, and gaze with delight upon His Divine Majesty. "I've a message from the Lord, hallelujah! It is only that you look and live."

But we approach with reverence and humility, and though we may not take off our shoes, as Moses did, we should tread softly, for we are treading upon holy ground. We are now coming to the burning bush. It is the tree of Wisdom, and, like the ancient Jewish candlestick, it is perpetually burning before the Lord, with a flame of celestial light and glory. We who have become kings and priests to Good, may now enter into the most holy place, and offer up sweet incense.

The seven flames on the candlestick in the earthly tabernacle, were typical of the seven spirits of God. For there are seven spirits of

Good and seven spirits of Evil. Life, Wisdom, Love, Truth, Justice, Mercy, and Light are the spirits of God. Death, Ignorance, Hate, Falsehood, Injustice, Cruelty, and Darkness are the spirits of the Devil. God is wholly good, and the Devil is wholly evil, but man is the connecting link. He is both good and evil; he is both God and Devil. The office of Christianity is to *eliminate* the *evil* from man's disposition, and leave only the good. But how shall this be done, and whose work is it? This is a truthful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ came to save sinners. But *how* does He save them? Not by His *death*, but by His *life* and *example*. Every man is the architect of his own fortune in spiritual, as well as material matters. That God helps him who helps himself, is a truism.

Christianity gives us a reasonable theory of the origin, nature, and destiny of man, and prompts us to ask ourselves, What are we here for, and is life worth living? When men begin to realize that *happiness* is the *normal condition* of their *being*; that to promote it and perpetuate it is their principal business; that *unhappiness* is *abnormal*; that *happiness* is *Heaven*; that *unhappiness* is *Hell*; that they make their own Heaven or Hell; that eternity is the duration of the life they live;

that happiness is eternal and shall live forever; that unhappiness is ephemeral, shall die the death, and lose its identity—then men will begin to realize something of their own importance; begin to open their eyes; be willing to catch glimpses of Beauty and the Beast, and have but little difficulty in *admiring* the one and *hating* the other.

Our God is held too much in mystery. The personification of goodness as represented by Life, Wisdom, Love, Truth, Justice, Mercy, and Light, is the greatest God which we *have* ever known, or *shall* ever know. If you have a greater or better God, a God that is more exalted, I pray you show Him to me, that I may fall down and worship Him, as I now worship Good. If, upon the other hand, you have a meaner Devil than the personification of Death, Ignorance, Hate, Falsehood, Injustice, Cruelty, and Darkness, let me get but a view of him, and I shall abhor him, as I now abhor evil.

LECTURE XX.

DRIVING OUT THE MONEY-CHANGERS.

Under false notion of a mysterious Divinity, or an unknown God, the world has been driven into infidelity, and the family, society, church, and state are all resting upon a *false basis*. Authority in the household has been set at defiance; the family head has too often become a hydra-headed monster; wives are either eloping with other husbands, violating marriage vows, or seeking a separation in the divorce courts; husbands are often without natural affection, ignoring their wives, abusing their children, spending their money in riotous living, or seeking false consolation in drunkenness and debauchery.

A spirit of unrest has taken possession of the multitude. Society is fast, fussy, fastidious, facetious, fashionable, and foolish, while everything is going either to the demnition bow-wows, to the Devil generally, or to a state of incestuous innocuous desuetude. The church, instead of being a house of prayer, has largely become a den of thieves, the wealthy nabobs of aristocracy only seeking its suppositional sacred precincts to hide their moral nakedness. The denominational *rink houses* are only vieing with each other, to see

which can get up the grandest social expositions, attract the largest crowds, collect the most money, and make the most lavish expenditures.

The so-called church organizations are great financial institutions, or moneyed corporations, where fine houses are built, fine clothing worn, and vast sums of money collected and expended *ostensibly* for the glory of God, but *really* to gratify the personal and social ambition of their own membership. On all moral questions the high-salaried preachers are in the hands of their constituents, and instead of being *free men*, whom the *truth* has made free, and dictating as they should the conduct and policy of their congregations, they are *bound hand and foot*, by the very salaries which they permit themselves to receive. Did Judas betray his Master for thirty pieces of silver? How many "popular pastors" to-day betray the cause of Christ on the temperance and other moral questions, merely to please their employers? Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools who change the truth of God into a lie, and worship the creature more than the Creator.

Instead of bringing all the tithes into the storehouse, and consecrating them to the Lord only part of the tithing is brought in, and then it is too often consecrated either to the god-

ness of society, the god of selfishness, or the more formidable god of party politics. What are our weekly ministers' meetings in the large cities, but the convocation of self-styled spiritual doctors, whose chief business it is to feel the political party pulse, and prescribe for its weakness as the political bosses may dictate? "A man's a man for a' that," but a *man's man* as a minister of the Gospel is the most insignificant creature on the face of God's footstool. Every moral issue is speedily sidetracked in these quasi-religio political star-chamber proceedings, known as ministers' meetings, and the *cue* is always furnished either by the rich citizen taxpayer, or the hustling political bosses.

The haughty spirit of denominationalism, robbing God of his revenue by *insufficient* or *misappropriation* of His legitimate tithing, is not doing the works of charity demanded. Hence *good men*, both in and out of the churches, have sought to alleviate human distress, and human suffering, by the organization of fraternal societies.

Thus it is seen that the church, by her unfaithfulness, is being daily shorn of her strength, just in proportion as she has lost the knowledge of the true God. When will she bring all the tithes into the storehouse and prove him, that she may resume her legitimate

work, receiving to herself all the praise, and giving to God all the glory?

EVOLUTION THE DIVINE LAW.

The mountain of Lord's house is not only to be, but *is already* established in the top of the mountains, and even now some people of all nations are beginning to flow unto it. The night of ignorant, immoral darkness is far spent; the day is at hand! Human knowledge has increased, until it is no longer satisfied with an imperfect, chaotic condition of affairs. Society must now be *reformed* on the true basis of a perfect Christian religion, or the spiritual light which has been so graciously given will soon be taken away. God's continued providences to us are but new revelations from day to day, and these revelations shall never cease so long as the earth remains. But we as a nation, by remissness of duty, may soon cease to be the medium of His Divine communication. The God-Man, after weeping over us, as He did over Jerusalem, may give us over to hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind, looking elsewhere to the founding of a nation which shall *exalt itself* and *glorify Him*, by a faithful obedience to all his commands.

The Divine law of evolution is written on

every page of sacred and profane history. Both God and nature are constantly tearing down the old, and building up the new, and this fateful history shall continue to repeat itself, until a grand spiritual government shall be found, wherein dwelleth Righteousness. This government is in the transitory state. Shall she become a living butterfly among the nations of the earth, mounting up on wings as eagles, or shall she be found a dead moth, buried in the dust of her own forgetfulness? Shall we inaugurate the reign of the New Jerusalem, Heaven on earth, or shall we be swallowed up with the blackened darkness of an ancient Pompeii?

LECTURE XXI.

A MOUNTAIN AND A VOLAPUK.

The same trumpet which spoke to John on the Isle of Patmos; the still, small voice which spoke to Elijah; the sure voice of prophecy which spoke to Isaiah, is still speaking to us, saying, The mountain of the Lord's house *shall* be established in the top of the mountains. It speaks to us by Knowledge, giving us a more perfect revelation, and a more spiritual inter-

pretation. By a superior knowledge we have a revelation revealed, which tells us the mountain of the Lord's house is already being established in the high places of the human understanding.

To the educated, intelligent mind, the mountain of the Lord's house is no longer a foolish fiction, but has indeed become a beautiful and sublime reality. Its *base* reaches out unto the ends of the earth, and its grand *apex* is as lofty as the blue-vaulted dome of Heaven. It is a beautiful pyramid, supported on one side by God, whose attributes are Life, Wisdom, and Love, and upon the other side it is supported by the *Son of God*, whose attributes are Truth, Justice, and Mercy, while from its lofty summit is constantly emitted a holy flame of celestial fire, giving Life, and Light, and Liberty to the whole world.

God's Divine government is, indeed, a burning mountain, and whosoever shall draw near by *faith*, and but *touch* its holy fire, shall be cleansed from all unrighteousness. He shall become a child of the *King*, and dwell *forever* in the *King's holy palace*.

We believe that *Ignorance* is the *tower of confusion*; that its language is the *confusion of tongues*; that *Knowledge* sanctified by *Wisdom* is the *language of Love*, and *this language* shall become *universal*.

There shall, indeed be a volapuk; but it shall be the language of Love. It shall be a spiritual being, and like unto the fairest Son of God. In the survival of the fittest, all human imperfections shall be taken away. We shall eventually receive free power of thought and volition, free power of knowledge, free power of action, free power of locomotion, and free power of love. We shall then become perfect spiritual beings. Old things shall pass away, and all things become new; for Christ, who is our wisdom, *shall reign*, until He has put all enemies under His feet. The last enemy which shall be destroyed is Death, and this shall put an end to the dynasty of the Devil; for Death is the last legitimate heir-apparent to the diabolical throne of Human Ignorance.

DEVELOPING A SPIRITUAL WORLD.

According to Gospel history and Bible chronology, it took four thousand and four years to develop one perfect Son of God. This was a slow process, but it emphasizes the fact that the mills of Good grind slowly, but exceedingly sure. The whole scope of Bible teaching has for its object the ultimate development of a perfect spiritual

world, from which evil shall be wholly eliminated, and all its subjects become perfect spiritual beings. Man is not to become perfect at one bound, but by a series of revelations, and a gradual process of evolutions and developments.

From the creation of the world, mankind has steadfastly looked forward to the coming of a higher knowledge than that which he originally possessed, and which higher knowledge should be to him a true Christ. He came, He saw, He conquered. His human appetites and passions were subdued. But the price of this conquest was the suspension of *life* in His physical body. The power of sin being wholly eliminated from the body of Christ by virtue of the *law of life* which governed His being and actions, it was impossible that the law of death should claim dominion over Him longer than He actually *willed* it to do so, for the common good of a fallen humanity. Three days he chose to remain under death's dominion, thereby appeasing the law of sin and death, which had hitherto demanded a daily sacrifice. *One day* of death was to be sacred to the memory of *Life*, the Divine Father, *one* in memory of *Himself*, who was Wisdom, and *one* in memory of *Love*, the Holy Spirit. And thus in His death and resurrection was the law of sin condemned,

the law of life justified, and the glory of God vindicated.

But you ask, Why the *necessity* of physical death for Christ, or for "any other man?" Why do we not live on, and on, and never grow old, nor change, nor pass away? We answer, it is for *our good*, both that Christ should suffer and that the change should also come to us. Do you doubt it? Then you are condemned already; for in this doubt your mind is in rebellion against the law of life, which is the law of Good, and which always seeks the happiness of its creatures.

No man is ever in a position to be really happy, who has not schooled his mind to gracefully submit to death, the inevitable; for he who does this, shall become as inoffensive and innocent as the little child, who sinks peacefully to sleep in its mother's arms.

The whole Christain world is now looking, or pretends to be anxiously looking, for the second coming of Christ. Is He not already here? Did He not say, "Lo, I am with you *always*, even unto the end of the world?" Some professed Christians, as well as most sinners, are like the conventional tramp, they are always *looking* for something, but neither very much expecting nor desiring to find it. "The law of the spirit of life" is the true Christ, and He is ever before our eyes. Let us not only

touch the *hem* of His *garment*, but shall we not rather *constrain* Him to come in and *dine* and *sup* with us?

On the supposition that history generally repeats itself, some material-minded persons are assuming that Christ will soon make His appearance in bodily form, and they are already fixing the date or dates and are looking anxiously forward to His second coming. For the benefit of those material Christians who expect and can reasonably afford to wait so long, we may say, that as the chronology shows it to have been four thousand and four years after creation until the coming of Christ, we may reasonably expect Him to return again in the year 4004, or exactly twenty-one hundred and seven years from this date. But we do not advise our friends to bank too heavily on this statement. It is only based on the assumption that history always repeats itself.

It is granted that the development of a perfect spiritual world, inhabited by a race of perfect spiritual beings, is a gigantic undertaking, and that it necessarily requires *much time* for its accomplishment. But those material Christians who cannot afford to *labor*, as well as to *wait*, may now imitate the action of Peter, get their nets and go fishing; for

they may certainly expect but little or no part in the heritage when the Lord shall come.

But the developing process is now going on much faster than before the Christain era. The heaven has been at work, and the Gospel dough is being kneaded and moulded into many beautiful shapes, while *Love*, the Holy Fire sent down from Heaven, is gradually baking the true *Bread of Life* in many joyful and waiting human hearts.

LECTURE XXII.

CONVERTING THE SOUL.

Christianity is a *theory*, and it is a reasonable one, the alpha and omega of which is *Life*. From life to life, is the spiritual watchword. Vitality is the *first great operating cause*, the primal force which assisted by Wisdom and Love, created the first heaven, the first earth, and the first man, and assisted by Truth, Justice, Mercy, and Light, will continue to create new forms of intelligence, until mankind shall become a perfect spiritual being. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose, that these same operating causes may eliminate *materiality*, and substitute *spirituality*, leaving nothing of the original or primal man

but his spiritual nature. As Good, or *God*, who is the absolute personification of goodness, constitutes *the* Great Spirit, so man, partaking of the nature of his Divine parent, is also a spiritual being, and destined to be possessed of all the spiritual attributes of his Maker. The natural man, being imperfect, must give place to the spiritual. Materiality must be cast out and spirituality enthroned. We shall be in His likeness and His image, when we shall know Him and see Him as He is, and, like Enoch of old, we shall be translated from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of God's dear Son, where we shall walk and talk with Good. We shall be no more strangers and pilgrims in the land of disobedience, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and members of His own dear household.

This is for you. Do you say you cannot break off the chains which bind you? Are you tied to the relentless wheels of a political Juggernaut? Are the gods of mammon or of personal ambition seeking to destroy you? Does the bewitching sorcery of the society goddess wink and blink at you with both eyes? Beware! B a man! B anything but a hypocrite and a sinner.

How much real happiness do you enjoy in your present condition? Would you have new

desires, new hopes, and new aspirations kindled within your better nature? Turn from the worship of false gods, break down every idol, then casting your eyes upward behold the light of the stars, and imagine, if you *can*, what secrets their constellations withhold. Stand at the foothills of the mountains in the vicinity of Pike's Peak on a clear and cloudless Sabbath morning; look up and beyond the clouds to Cameron's Cone, and then still up and beyond the timber line to the white-capped summit of the awful mount; watch the mist as it gathers from its summit, and floats grandly off in the direction of New Mexico, and then with the spirits of admiration and inspiration utter instinctively and reverently, as we have done. "Thou touchest the hills and they smoke. Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty. In Wisdom and goodness hast Thou made them all!" With calm and thoughtful meditation, and a heart filled with sublime emotion at the grand spectacle before you, turn your steps to the nearest house of devotion; for the church bells are already ringing, calling you to worship, and as the lifeless organ peals forth its melodious sounds, and the trained voices of the singers unite in praising God, you may feel that you are an object of His love, and that henceforth you

had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. If, under all these happy influences, your heart should be touched, and breathe forth a silent prayer for deliverance, I am sure the Lord would hear you, that He would speak peace to your soul, and that He would gently bid you go your way and sin no more.

Do you ask, What is the soul? It is the spiritual man, *the man of principle*. It is the type of goodness. It is no delusion, no myth, no fiction. It is a positive quantity, an absolute *entity*, a certain *identity*. The soul is the *inner man*, and corresponds to the physical body. One is bone, flesh, and blood; the other is life, wisdom, and love, or, if you prefer it, *vitality*, *intelligence*, and *force*. But to the *quickened soul* is added truth, justice, mercy, and light. It is the Spirit of Truth which quickens. The Word of God is truth, and it is quick and powerful, discriminating between itself and error. Ungodly men can no longer hide their immoral nakedness behind a *fig-leaf* in the great garden of Universal Good. In this age of Reason, *Ignorance* shall no longer form for them a reasonable excuse for living a life of wickedness. No man shall sit in judgment upon them. Neither doth God *now* judge them, but in that day, when *Death* shall call them to account,

they shall sit in judgment upon themselves, and *Truth* shall be the only arbiter.

READING THE BOOK OF LIFE.

To the doubtful and unbelieving in the power of Good to triumph over Evil, there is no hope of happiness. But to those who believe in and worship *only* the Good, the highest happiness is attainable. *Good only* is *positive*, and *God* is the only *positive quantity*. Evil is *negative*; it is simply a *negation*, and a negation is *nothing*.

Without that implicit faith which believes in the positive and ultimate triumph of Good over Evil, men can please neither God nor intelligent humanity. It is better, therefore, that a man should believe *something*, than that he should be skeptical in all things. If his faith be not safely anchored to the *power of Good*, it is a *negative*, a *rope of sand*, and in the trying hour it will part asunder, and let him down to the bottom of the deep sea of illimitable wretchedness and despair.

Faith in one's *self* is necessary to faith in God, and faith in God is necessary to happiness; for without faith there can be no *hope*, and hope is the brightest winged of all God's divine messengers. We believe in *Good*.

Shall we not also believe in *God*, who is the personification of goodness, and who has so graciously manifested Himself to us by Life, Wisdom, Love, Truth, Justice, Mercy, and Light? Shall we longer worship at the shrine of *Evil*, whose daily manifestations are those of Death, Ignorance, Hate, Falsehood, Injustice, Cruelty, and Darkness? Here is the grand opportunity of a life, an opportunity to exercise a reasonable choice. May Wisdom alone guide us in our deliberations, and may we choose that good part, which shall not be taken away.

In thus making a feeble attempt to lead you From the Shadows to perfect happiness, we are only conscious of having performed a simple duty, in a *very simple way*. From the Shadows may not, as yet, to many of our hearers, be so very apparent. But we may safely rely upon their acute powers of perception, and their quickened powers of imagination, to paint for themselves a weary traveler in the wilderness of sin, who has lost his reckoning, and who has been supplied with a hatchet to cut his way out.

Every man who would go up to the top of the mountain of the Lord's house, must either readily find the way, or make it for himself. If, in the Divine province of Eternal Good, it is decreed that we shall have become an

humble instrument in furnishing some forlorn and shipwrecked brother with the hatchet of Divine Truth, then more than half the labor is already accomplished. Blessed is the man who readily finds the way; but twice blessed is he who, having been long lost in the wilderness, shall have the moral courage to take up the little amateur hatchet of Divine Truth, so kindly given, and boldly slash out for himself a new-cut road to the Promised Land.

“Who is the champion? Who the strong?

Pontiff, or priest, or sceptered throng?

On *these* shall fall

As heavily the hand of Death,

As when it stays the shepherd's breath

Beside his stall.”

“Who *is* the happy warrior?

It is the *generous spirit*, who, when brought

Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought

Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought;

Finds comfort in himself and in his cause,

And while the *mists* are gathering, draws

His breath in confidence of *Heaven's* applause.

This is the happy warrior. *This is he*

Who every man in arms should wish to be.”

The Star of Empire has wended its way to the West. The Star of the East has grown dim in Bethlehem. Another great cycle is about completed in the history of man. God's object lessons are daily spreading out before

us like the pages of an open book. Let *us* as *good* children, hasten to read them, and reading may we read carefully between the lines, gladly catching all the Divine Inspiration which the sacred volume so grandly and nobly teaches.

LECTURE XXIII.

BLOWING THE RAM'S HORN.

What future revelations Good has in store for us, can only be reasonably conjectured. But it is but natural, as one has said, that he who is about to depart for another country should speculate in his mind as to what kind of a country it is. It is not our province, within the narrow compass of these lectures, to enter largely upon the vast ocean of voyages and discoveries with reference to the spirit world. But we may not conceal the fact that we have a strong desire to do so. The Spirit of Inspiration is ever restless and active, sweeping up the mountain side, singing with the stars, or returning with the avalanche. At some future time we hope to take up the silken thread of the beautiful story of human life and human happiness, unraveling it, if

possible, to the very end. But for the present we must content ourselves with a few closing observations, which are ever heaving up in the mind, moaning like the ocean, which will not be at rest.

Of the irrepressible conflict, it is ominous, that the children of darkness have ever deplored the existence of the moralist, and that the princes of wickedness, in both high and low places, hate him to-day worse than the Devil hates holy water. If none were found to teach the existence of God, the power of Good, the beauty of holiness, and the delights of happiness, then more than half the world of mankind would be pleased. But when the moralist speaks of the necessity of *law*, which shall define the boundary line between Liberty and License, between Good and Evil, then the world is instantly up in arms.

To illustrate, we give herewith the following, as a sample of the sentiment which pervades immorality:

“A moralist, perchance, appears,
Led, Heaven knows how, to this poor sod;
And he has neither eyes, nor sense, nor ears—
Himself his world and his own god.”

The following shows the contempt in which the moralist is held, and also the general indisposition to listen to the voice of Reason:

“Shut close the door, press down the latch;
Sleep soundly in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch,
Near his unprofitable dust.”

In other words, the sentiment is, away with the moralist!

It requires no stretch of imagination to see that the above language and quotation is spoken with the same pompous dictation which centuries ago prompted the spirit of Error to exclaim, “Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!

Truth having constrained us to make many bold observations, with reference to the importance and dignity of man, and not desiring to offend anyone, we naturally seek to hedge a little here on the homestretch, by saying, perhaps there has been a mistake somewhere; perhaps, after all, man is only an immoral, unsocial, unpolitical, and unreasonable being; perhaps man was *not* made upright; perhaps Darwinism is true; perhaps agnosticism *does* make numskulls of us all; perhaps we do *not* know anything; and perhaps, according to the grand doctrine of the transmigration of souls, we may all possibly some day bob up again somewhere serenely in a future world, not as average citizens, not as preachers, politicians, policemen, saloonkeepers, and aldermen, but as beautiful specimens of extinct species of

prehistoric animals in long-forgotten ages, and that we shall then all be in great demand, either in the celestial dime museums, or the grand zoological gardens of Folly's perpetual, infinite, and infernal foolishness.

Error is the blind Ulysses, and Cyclops has gouged out both his eyes. He does not know, does not desire to know, nor does not care. He has no proper desires, no inspiration, no aspiration, no hope, no future, no happiness. He is the lost mariner, whose festering bones shall serve only to feed the dull protozoans at the bottom of the dead sea in the vast ocean of eternity.

FROM THE SHADOWS.

There is a Locksly Hall for all our earthly loves, and sooner or later we shall be called upon to leave the manor house. Though we may boast of the liberty of man, woman, and child, there comes a vapor from the margin of the River of Death, which shall blast all our earthly hopes. If any life has thus far been a *failure*, cry not for spilled milk. Let the dead past bury its dead. Lost opportunities may come back to you, and he shall be

accounted doubly wise who shall seize upon them at their second coming.

“Rest, sword; cool, blushes.
Being fooled, by foolery thrive;
For yet there’s time and place
For every man alive,”

Bid the old sword of a carnal warfare rest in its unseemly scabbard, and the carnal blushes of a past and silent shame hide their vile tints to appear on earth no more.

Are we ready for the great change? Have we been lifted up, and are we standing on our spiritual feet, gladly approaching the foothills in the mountain country of that wonderful land of the spiritual Judea?

“We hold it true, what e’re befall,
We feel it when we sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.”

“We love that ancient Saxon phrase,
Which calls the *burial ground* God’s acre.
'Tis *just*, it consecrates the sacred spot,
And breathes a benison o’er the sleeping dust.”

The gentle zephyrs daily rise from the source of Eternal Good, and as they pass us by they softly breathe a sacred benison o’er the heads and hearts of God’s divinest creatures. As they move silently on, takiag on a new impetus, they blow a hurricane and *roar*,

going forever onward. They teach us of Life and Death, of Happiness and Misery, of Heaven, of Hell, of Immortality.

“Oh, Life! Oh, Love!
No more, no more delay.
My spirit longs to flee away
And be at *rest*.
The will of *Heaven* my will shall be;
I bow to the Divine decree,
To God’s behest.”

“Now comes the vapor from the margin,
Blackening over *heath* and *holt*.
Crowding all the blast before it,
In its breast a thunderbolt.

It shall *fall*—on *mortals all*.
As rain, or hail, or fire, or snow;
For the mighty winds are sweeping onward,
And *we go*, we *too* must go.”

But shall the good return again, and shall they once again with consecrated feet stand upon the top of God’s holy mountain, where with one glance of the single eye of Divine Wisdom they shall be able to comprehend all the hitherto hidden mysteries of God’s spiritual universe?

The question is doubly answered:

“The *redeemed* of the Lord shall return and

come with singing unto Zion.”

“Oh, Life! So few the years we live,
Would that the life which Thou dost give
Were life indeed.
For *here* our sorrows fall so fast,
The *happiest hour* is when at last
The soul is freed.”



ONE WAY
TO
HYPNOTIZE.

One Way to Hypnotize.

Do not attempt hypnotization unless you feel confident you can induce hypnosis. Never try to hypnotize any one unless they express themselves as perfectly willing to have you try. Always have some one else present beside the one to be hypnotized. The following mode of procedure is the one which I have used with more or less success, during the past four years, (prior to that time I used mostly the mesmeri passes down over the face, arms and legs.) I shall go into details, and show you every thing to be done, without leaving you to guess at any thing, as is generally the way most writers do, thinking of course, that the reader is acquainted with facts, which, as a matter of fact, he is not.

ONE WAY TO HYPNOTIZE.

After procuring a subject, see that the room is comfortable, not too hot, nor too cold, that the subject is resting in a comfortable position in the chair, (be sure and see that the

subject's head is not resting on some sharp point on the chair-back,) that the hands rest on either knee with the palms downward, the feet must rest flatly on the floor. Now request anyone who may be present that, "They must remain perfectly quiet, there must not be any shuffling of feet, whispering or passing about the room or crushing of any paper," in fact they must remain perfectly quiet for the simple reason that anything which would attract the attention of the subject will make it utterly impossible for you to induce hypnosis.

Now then say to the subject, in a quiet, decisive tone, (not loud or harsh) "Close your eyes, roll the eye-balls up and keep them up. Think that you cannot open them. Keep the eye-lids closed." Be careful that the subject does not get his head thrown too far back, as this will foil you in the attempt. Place yourself at the right side of the subject, stepping, if necessary, at times in front of him.

Close your right hand and carry it to the left side of the subjects head, and then open the hand and draw it across the forehead, letting the finger tips come in contact with

the skin, not pressing too much, just such a pressure as will sooth and not irritate. Close the hand, as before, and make three passes, * on the forehead, before making passes down over the eye-brows and nose with the thumb and two or three front fingers. While making the passes over the forehead repeat softly to the subject: "Fast, Fast, Now your eyes are fast, and when I count three you can't open them." Now make three passes down over the eye-brows and the nose in this way; place the thumb on the right temporal, the fingers on the left temporal, then draw them together, letting them meet at the bridge of the nose, then pass down to the tip of the nose. While making these passes keep repeating: "Fast, Fast, Fast, now your eyes are fast, you can try hard but you can't open them." On making the first pass down the nose count one, the second pass count two, and on the third pass count three and say: "Now try hard, you cannot open them." If successful and you want the subject to open his eyes, just say, "Allright, now, you may open them." At the same

* Nothing particularly magic about three, doing this only for system.

time snapping your thumb and fore-finger at the left ear, and then say, "Open them, Open them." If you wish to place the subject in a sleep, repeat all the above passes, saying all the time, "Sleep, Sleep, you are going fast asleep." Keep making passes and repeat the word, "Sleep," until the subject's head begins to nod, then grasp the head, at the back, with your left hand and place your right hand on the forehead and make quite a pressure, blowing your breath on the top of the head, and say, "Sound asleep, Sound asleep!" You will then find, if the subject is really asleep, that the system is entirely relaxed, that you can pick up an arm, letting it go, and it will fall back to its place, thus showing that the subject does not control the muscles. This is the Lethargic stage. To change the subject to the Somnambulistic stage, say to the subject, with a gentle upward wave of the hand, (not touching him), "Now open your eyes and look right into mine." Gaze intently at the subject without flinching or wavering (notice the listless, unknowing look of the subject's eye) then say, "Now your name is George Washington, and you are only four

years old." Ask him how old he is and he will say, "Four years old." What is your name? "George Washington." Then give the suggestion that he does not remember his name and he will accept it just as readily. (I will here ask the pardon of the reader for springing these old chestnuts, but as they are simply examples I hope he will overlook them.) In fact the subject is now in the Somnambulistic (or walking) stage, and will carry out any suggestions that you may give him; to sing, dance, skate, swim, fly, laugh, cry, ride stick horses, pick flowers, go up in balloons, ride bicycle races on chairs, etc., etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

In the Somnambulistic and Lethargic stage the subject is (by suggestion) made totally unconscious of any pain. Say to him, slapping him on the arm, "You cannot feel any pain in this arm," and you will find that he will not flinch or even change expression when you have completely pierced his arm through and through with any sharp instrument.

The different phenomena to be produced by hypnotic suggestion, are legion, but if you are new in the business I would suggest that

you prepare yourself, for scientific investigation, by reading some books, such a library for instance, as is recommended by "The Hypnotic Magazine." This library includes among other books, "Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena" and by the way, do not forget to read the "Hypnotic Magazine," which is a fair outspoken organ. This magazine is published by the "Psychic Publishing Company, 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago. It is not out of place, it seems to me, to mention the "Hypnotic Magazine" here, taking into consideration the value of the same as a magazine and the fact that it is the only magazine now published devoted to hypnotism entirely, as used by the medical profession and devotees generally.

Now, to continue our subject, I will say, should you ever have trouble in awakening or dehypnotizing, do not be alarmed, just give the subject the suggestion that you do not wish him to awake and that he must go deeper to sleep, that he will wake in an hour or so, and that he cannot help it, make the subject comfortable, go entirely away, and he will pass from a hypnotic sleep to a natural one and

generally awake in the given time. To de-hypnotize, snap your thumb and finger close to the ear of the subject and say, "All right, awake, you are all right." Be sure that he is thoroughly awakened before you leave him.

In speaking of the *modus operandi*, I instructed you to blow on the head, etc. Do not think there is any such thing as magic in all this; as was said in Rider Haggard's great play "She," "There is no such thing as magic," but this blowing, etc., is simply a great suggestive agency which places the subject in a passive condition and helps concentration.

It seems queer to me that so many people should look with such disfavor on hypnotism. The only explanation that I can give, is that they are perfectly ignorant of the science, and are not willing to learn. Hypnotism is the outward manifestation of concentration, brought about by entirely natural means, and not a conglomerated mass of nothingism. So many people, when they witness any of the different phenomena, do not stop to consider, and, say at once, "Charlatanism."

If a subject is in the Catleptic stage, for

example, being suspended on the back of two chairs and while in that position, supports a large stone, which is, later, broken to pieces, the skeptics will universally say, "Oh, they have some hidden device to support the stone." "Any one could do that (hold up a 500 pound rock) if he would only try," or, "The man has been trained for the special occasion." They do not consider it possible that the subject is in a peculiar condition, produced by suggestion, and that it is possible to produce this rigid state of the body simply by action of the mind. How does the trained athlete do such wonderful feats; simply by education. He weighs the same when he commences to train, and weighs the same when he accomplishes the feat. Then the power was always there, it is the education. Why then, cannot the hypnotized subject do the same, when there is a suspension of his objective mind, while he is hypnotized. He can and does.

The following is from Chamber's Encyclopaedia: "Hypnotism is not any longer to be regarded as a mystery, or as a superhuman gift, for its action can for the most part be

explained by our present knowledge of physiology and psychology."

Do not think this method, or, "One Way to Hypnotize," is the only one. There are many ways. You may take from and add to, as the case requires. Words and passes that will sooth this particular subject, may only irritate the next one you try. Have patience, study each case, then experiment and take notes. This "One Way to Hypnotize" is only to give you a start, you can then work out for yourself many different modes of procedure.

I shall not lay down a code of Ethics for Hypnotism, or Hypnotists; let every honest man be his own guide. Every human being is a hypnotist. Every human is a subject, or susceptible to hypnotism. Hypnotism is the greatest science the world has ever known, that is, the classifications are the most extensive; in fact there is no end. Let us help one another to unravel the skein. Christ was the king of Hypnotists, not a juggler nor charlatan, but a man with the best wishes of all at heart, who was bent upon the consummation of all that was good.

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